THE 1974

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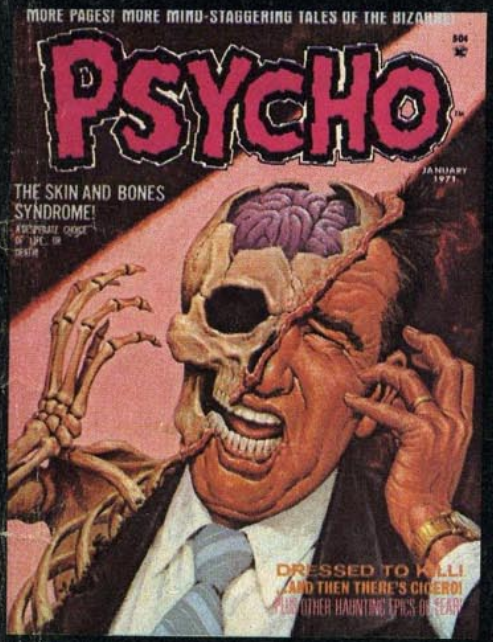
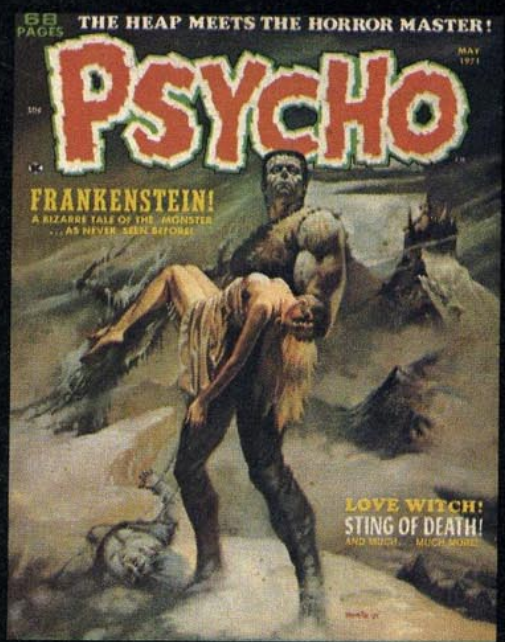
PSYCHO T.M.

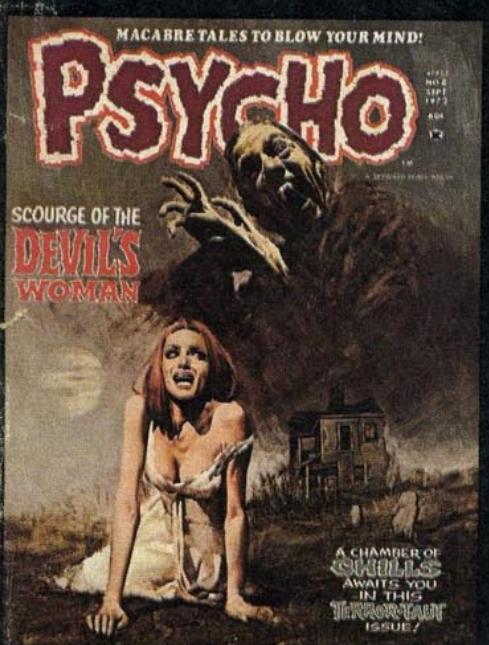
A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

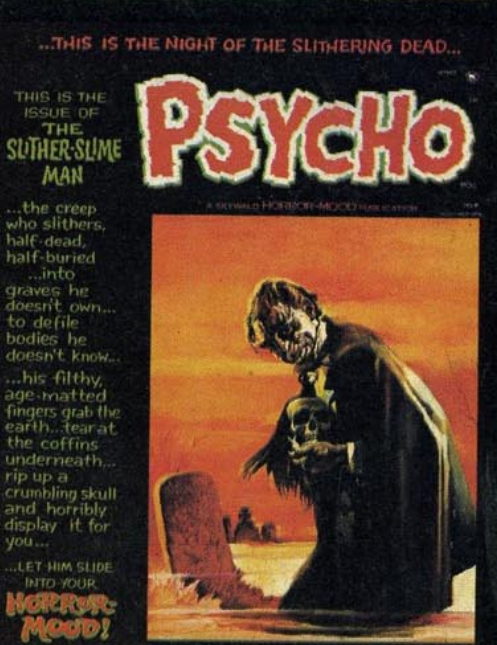
YEARBOOK

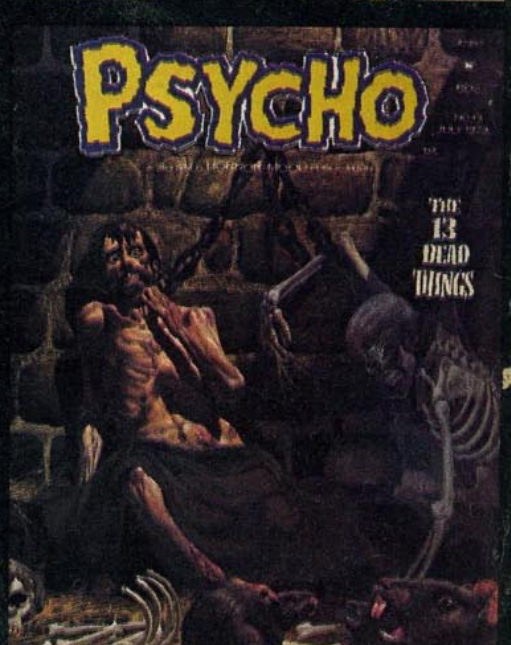




MACABRE TALES TO BLOW YOUR MIND!
PSYCHO
THE ASYLUM OF FROZEN HELL!
DON'T MISS THE HEAP'S HAPPENING! AND MORE HORROR AND SUSPENSE!


MACABRE TALES TO BLOW YOUR MIND!
PSYCHO
SCOURGE OF THE DEVIL'S WOMAN
A CHAMBER OF GHOULS AWAITS YOU IN THIS TERROR-TAUT ISSUE!


...THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE SLITHERING DEAD...
THIS IS THE ISSUE OF THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN
PSYCHO
...the creep who slithers, half-dead, half-buried ...into graves he doesn't own... to defile bodies he doesn't know...
...his filthy, age-matted fingers grab the earth...tear at the coffins underneath... rip up a crumbling skull and horribly display it for you...
...LET HIM SLIDE INTO YOUR HORROR-MOOD!



THE BEST ILLUSTRATED TALES OF HORROR AND FEAR!

the HORROR-MOOD GROUP is pleased to present

PAUL PUEYO

A BRAND NEW HORROR ARTIST
coming in these pages soon

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

PSYCHO

1974 YEARBOOK

- edited by ALAN HEWETSON -

contributors

DAN ADKINS CESAR BILL EVERETT
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WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY CESAR LOPEZ

THE SAGA OF FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER

I WAS **BORN** A **MONSTER**... A **CREATION** OF THE **EVIL** OF **VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN**, A YOUNG SCIENTIST OF **EXTRA-ORDINARY CAPABILITIES**, BUT OF **WARPED INTELLECT**...

...HE BROUGHT ME **INTO** THIS WORLD, AS I **AM**, AND WHEN HE **SAW** ME, AND WAS **DISSATISFIED**, HE **LEFT ME** TO MY **OWN DEVICE**... AT THE **WHIM** OF THE **WORLD**...

...WHAT KIND OF MAN WOULD DO **THAT?** ONLY A FIERCE **MADMAN**

...DESPITE MY OWN CREATOR'S **DISAPPOINTMENT**, AND THE **REJECTION** OF THE **WORLD**, I PROCLAIM AND **INSIST** THAT I AM--AS **HUMAN** AS **ANY** OF **YOU**...

...AND AS A HUMAN, I HAVE **DESIRES** FOR THE **LOVE** OF A **WOMAN**, IN THE SAME **FASHION**, AND FOR THE SAME **REASONS**-- AS **ANY** OF **YOU**...

YOU MAY KNOW THAT ONLY A SHORT TIME AFTER MY BIRTH, AFTER DR. FRANKENSTEIN ELECTED TO **DISENFRANCHISE** ME, HE TRIED FOR A BRIEF TIME TO DISPEL HIS **SELF-ADMITTED MADNESS**, AND HE TRIED TO GET **BACK** INTO THE **MAINSTREAM** OF **SOCIETY**... **VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN PURGED** HIS **MIND** OF **ALL THOUGHTS** OF **ME**...

...AND TOOK HIMSELF A **WIFE**...

--THUS A **MAD MAN**, AN **EVIL MAN**, SHED HIS **MONTHS** OF **WRETCHED** AND **DESPICABLE WORK**, TO GAIN THE **LOVE** OF A **WOMAN**...

--AM **I** TO BE **DENIED** THE **COMFORT** OF SOMEONE **LOVELY**, SOMEONE **WARM** AND **LOVING**, SOMEONE TO BE A **COMPANION** AND **LOVER**? WHEN SO **APPALLING** A PERSON AS **VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN** CAN BE **WED** AND **HAPPY**?

...I **WENT** TO HIM... AND I **CONFRONTED** HIM... I SAID TO HIM "YOU MUST **MAKE** ME A **WOMAN**-- YOU CANNOT **DENY** ME," AND WHEN HE **BALKED**, **I THREATENED** HIS OWN WIFE'S **LIFE** AND HE RELUCTANTLY **AGREED**...

NOW IN RETROSPECT, I REALIZE HOW **AMBITIOUS** SUCH A PROPOSAL REALLY **WAS** -- THE SCIENTIST IN VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN **YEARNED** FOR THE **EXPERIMENT** AND ITS **SATISFACTIONS**... BUT THE **CONSCIOUS MIND** OF THE MAN **LOATHED** ITS TASK, SO **BOUND UP** IN THE **MORALITIES** AND **SELF-RECRIMINATIONS** OF THE '**NORMAL MAN**' WAS HE...

THUS I BEGIN MY TALE, WITH AN **ELABORATE**, I **ADMIT**, **INTRODUCTION** WHICH SERVES TO **SET THE STAGE** FOR THE **CHAOS** AND **MAYHEM** TO **FOLLOW**, AS IT IS **AGAIN** TIME TO **RECALL**:

THE BRIDES OF THE FRANKENSTEINS

...SHE MOVES... MY BRIDE!
...LORD SAVE MY POOR SOUL -- I HAVE CREATED ANOTHER MONSTER... I HAVE BROUGHT INTO THE WORLD ANOTHER PSEUDO-HUMAN WRETCH...
DON'T STAND AROUND HERE... LEAVE US ALONE NOW... YOUR WORK IS DONE SHE IS ALIVE... SHE IS MINE...
...GET AWAY FROM US...
...SO-PROMETHEUS HAS A WIFE NOW, AND IS SUDDENLY A PRIVATE PERSON...
...GET OUT, HUMAN MONSTER, BEFORE YOU SPOIL THIS MOMENT FOR US... YOUR OUTRAGEOUS SARCASM IS SACRILIGIOUS TO ME
YOU BASTARD SON OF HELL! YOU LEARN A FEW WORDS OF LANGUAGE AND SPEW THEM AT ME... YOU ARE STILL THE IMBECILE I CREATED FROM THE DEAD PARTS OF CRIMINALS AND OTHER IMBECILES...
...I AM NO BASTARD-- I AM YOUR SON...
...NOW, DESIST-- AND GET YOUR SMIRKING FACE OUT OF OUR SIGHT BEFORE I SMASH IT IN

...IT'S A FIVE MILE HIKE TO TOWN... I NEEDED THIS DESOLATION TO HIDE MY CRIMINAL ACT FROM THE EYES OF THE WORLD...
...IT'S A DARK, COLD NIGHT... I HOPE I DON'T MEET UP WITH A HUNGRY WOLF-PACK...
THOUGH, IF THEY COME AT ME, I WILL ACCEPT THEIR ATTACK -- FOR SIMPLY IT WILL BE THE VENGEANCE OF THE LORD...
--I-- HAVE WRONGED HIM-- THE LORD-- THE SUPREME CREATOR OF ALL THAT LIVES... I SOUGHT TO SUPPLANT HIM... HIS WRATH UPON ME I KNOW WILL BE AWESOME...
-- I SHALL BE DAMNED TO ETERNAL HELL FOR MY DEED TONIGHT...
...IF ONLY I HAD THE FORTITUDE TO KILL THE MONSTER... IF ONLY I HAD THE GUTS...
...BUT... I AM GUTLESS... SPINELESS...
...IF I WAS A MAN... I WOULD DESTROY THEM BOTH...
...BUT... I AM NOT A MAN AT ALL...

...YOU CANNOT UNDERSTAND ME YET... BUT YOU WILL -- SOON ENOUGH YOU WILL SPEAK LANGUAGE AS WELL AS I...
...SOON ENOUGH, MY LOVE, WE WILL TRAVEL AROUND THIS GLOBE LEARNING WHATEVER HAS TO BE LEARNED, EXPERIENCING WHATEVER CAN BE EXPERIENCED... AND THOUGH THESE WHO POPULATE THIS PLANET SHALL STRIVE TO BREAK OUR LEGS WITH EVERY STEP WE TAKE, WE SHALL HAVE ONE ANOTHER TO TURN TO...
...WE HAVE ONE ANOTHER TO LOVE...
...LET ME TEACH YOU HOW TO WALK, AND MOVE ABOUT OF YOUR OWN ACCORD... I'LL SUPPORT YOU... STAND NOW, AND WATCH MY FEET... THAT'S RIGHT... WATCH MY FEET AND WALK LIKE ME...
...VERY GOOD MY LOVE... WALK AROUND THE CAVE WITH ME... EXCELLENT...

YOU -- WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK? -- DID YOU FORGET SOMETHING? DID YOU COME BACK TO GLOAT OVER THE CREATION OF YOUR DISTURBED GENIUS? DID YOU COME BACK TO LAUGH AT US?
...YOU'RE TOTTERING -- MY GOD -- YOU'RE ROARING DRUNK!!

...NO...DON'T GO TO HIM... HE IS EVIL...
...YOU SEE WHAT PROBLEMS YOU CAUSE BY RETURNING HERE, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN? IN HER INNOCENCE SHE SHOWS YOU WITH PRIDE HER PROWESS AT WALKING... YET YOU STAND THERE WITH AN IMPOTENT SOUL AND A HEART DEVOID OF EMPATHY... DAMN YOU... YOU INSIST ON PERSONIFYING THE HUMAN NATURE DON'T YOU...
...WHY DID YOU COME BACK? ANSWER ME!

...I CAME BACK TO DESTROY YOU BOTH...

GET OUT OR I'LL KILL YOU!

...KILL ME...
...GO ON MONSTER... DEMON --KILL ME... I HAVE KILLED YOUR BRIDE... KILL ME...
...IF YOU DO NOT KILL ME...THEN I SHALL KILL YOU...

...DEAR LORD ABOVE... THE INHUMAN MONSTER HAS MURDERED MY WIFE...
...THE BRIDES OF THE FRANKENSTEIN WERE SHORT-LIVED... THEY BOTH DIED BECAUSE, ONCE UPON A TIME, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN CREATED A MAN HE THOUGHT WAS A MONSTER...
...BUT AS WE KNOW... THE ONLY MONSTER IS THE MIND WITHIN THE HUMAN SHELL OF VICTOR FRANKENSEIN...
NEXT:
DIE, FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!

WHAT SORT OF PERSON READS THE HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINES?

The urbane corpse, as depicted in our tales of horror, is a fighter, an adventurer, a winner in the games of life and death. Our reader is the same quality of fiend - and naturally his tastes run to the bizarre. SCREAM, PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE are read by men and women aged 8 to 80 whose love of horror is unmatched by readers of any other horror publications. Put your money down for the most innovative magazines on sale today (source: 1974 archaic)

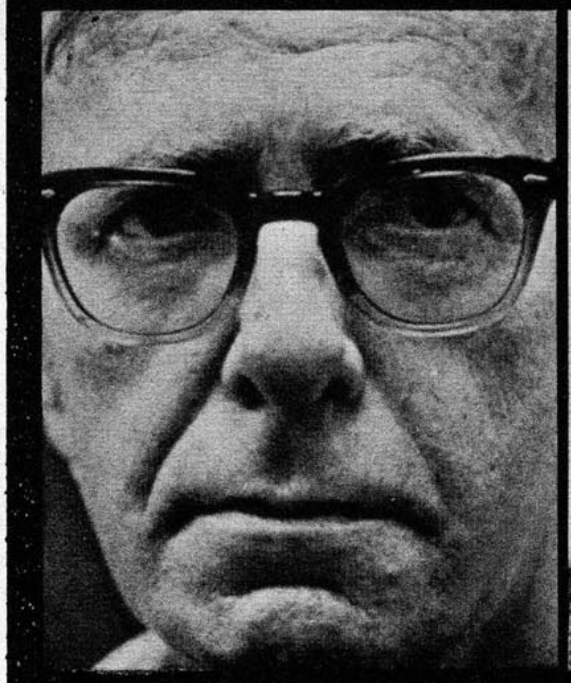
UNITED STATES · CANADA · GERMANY · SPAIN · ITALY · FRANCE · SOUTH AMERICA

GREETINGS, horror-mood maniacs of the macabre — we intend to send your brains on a ferry-boat trip straight into hell!

BILL EVERETT

In Memorium

SYD SHORES



photographs copyright 1969, 1970 by Alan Hewetson

This 1974 PSYCHO YEARBOOK is respectfully dedicated to the late SYD SHORES, and the late BILL EVERETT. To two exemplorary artists, innovators, true gentlemen, and very fine, close friends, whose works in this issue — THE MAN WHO STOLE ETERNITY and THE DEADLY MARK OF THE BEAST, are indicative of their extraordinary talents, we sincerely dedicate this magazine.

PSYCHOTIC PSYCHO MAILBAG

As you can see on the page at right, most of our letters/editorial space this issue is taken up by our special BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS! It's our hope you'll take a few moments to fill out your answers to our Archaic questions, but before you do that, fair hearted friends, take a few moments to mull over the following words which'll let you in on whats up-an'-coming in the HORROR-MOOD!

art by BOB MARTIN from

NIGHTMARE 1974 YEARBOOK

Awkward AUGUSTINE FUNNELL, the author of the temporarily - discontinued - due - to - circumstances - beyond - our - control Monster Monster Saga (mainly because the artist is grazing on what he feels are greener pastures) is workin' up a tomb-full of horrors with: DOWN TO HADES-TO DIE!, DUNGEON OF THE DAMNED and WHEN I WAS A BOY I WATCHED THE BLOOD WOLVES which'll be appearing in the afformentioned SPECIAL TOMB OF HORROR EDITION.

Meanwhile, back at the edge of the mighty Hudson, on the banks of the most fetid of all swamps in these Americas, Emotionally-disturbed EDWARD FEDORY has scripted WHO ARE THEY? THE BREEDERS! which'll be appearing in the SPECIAL NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR EDITION, and THE CLAWS OF DEATH, as presently being illustrated by brand new HORROR-MOOD artist CABRERIZO, and THE CURSE OF THE SNAKE GODDESS, a tale of CURSES, LEGENDS and DEATHS, and THE COXSACKIE AXE-MURDER, which is just about as wild-a-swamp-tale as you'd expect from a swamp-dweller like old Ed!

Archaic AL HEWETSON, the editorial purveyor of such HORROR-MOOD delights as THE HUMAN GARGOYLES, NOSFERATU, THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS and FRANKENSTEIN, all of which appear on this month's newstands, is now in liason with new artist Bad BOB MARTIN to produce the highly-vaunted AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VAMPIRE series, which'll be reappearing soon on an every-issue basis! The next chapter of THE HUMAN GARGOYLES is titled THE HUMAN GARGOYLES VS. THE HUMAN DEAD, to be followed by KIDNAPPED as chapter 10! As promised, this will grace the pages of every NIGHTMARE from now on! A brand new horror character, THE MUMMY KHAFRE, is the secret 'it' we've been teasing y'all about — it'll be appearing in TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL EDITION in just a couple months so await it eagerly — it's destined to become the most talked-about new character in the HORROR-MOOD stables! That's 'bout all we have SPACE for here, dear readers, except to editorially PLUG what's appearing in SCREAM this month — namely — Poe's TELL-TALE HEART, NOSFERATU, THE RETURN of THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN and **the saga of the victims —** and in our companion NIGHTMARE, also on sale right now: THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE, a tale in the shoggoth mythos, WANTED: MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE, A TALE OF HORROR (and it IS!) plus Poe's THE BLACK CAT and THE HUMAN GARGOYLES!

If y'all have something to say, then WRITE!, if not, enjoy simply READING!

R.I.P.

ARCHAIC AL

A BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

The best story in this issue is .....

because .....

my favorite all-time HORROR-MOOD story is .....

because .....

I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines because .....

.....

.....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD writer is .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is .....

my favorite **type** of story (horror, adventure, suspense, science fiction sword and sorcery) is .....

stories should be (a) 5 to 10 pages long (b) 10 to 15 pages (c) 15 pages or longer (d) variety of lengths .....

I think the photofeatures are (good, bad, or comment): .....

.....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD story TITLE is .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD CHARACTERS are
(the Human Gargoyles-Nosferatu-Frankenstein-Monster Monster-the Heap -Lady Satan): .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD series are
(Darkkos Manse-Tales out of Hell-The Shoggoth Mythos-The Saga of the Victims): .....

I think text stories are (good, bad, or comment)(stories like THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT, DEAD—BUT NOT YET BURIED, THE GHOUL OUT OF HELL): .....

.....

What ideas do you have for CHANGING the magazines or for NEW FEATURES?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

my favorite cover of the 3 covers pictured below is (check one)

☐ as an insert

☐ full size cover art

☐ special design art

comment .....

.....

.....

.....

my favorite all time HORROR-MOOD cover is .....

.....

BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 East 41st Street, Rm. 1501, New York City, N.Y. 10017

name ..... age .....
address .....
city and all else .....

send in this page, or a fascimile, so that we can better entertain you — to the first 25 (yes — 25!!) BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send an advance copy of NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL-EDITION, and to the best, most complete, 10 BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send AUTOGRAPHED advanced copies of that SPECIAL TOMB OF HORROR EDITION — send in your ideas to us today, and maybe WIN a free, autographed copy of the finest horror magazine you will ever read!

SLIME WORLD
MY MEMORY OF THE ENTIRE SOUL-ANNIHILATING AFFAIR HAS BEEN ERODED BY TIME...AND ONLY RUSHES UPON ME, FLUSHED, LIKE SOME GHASTLY POLLUTED STREAM-OF-CONSCIOUSNESS...
MY STRONGEST IMPRESSION OF ALL THE HORRORS I ENCOUNTERED WAS WHEN MY NEW BRIDE, SUSIE, AND I WERE BROUGHT TO THE TORTURE GROTTO OF THE SEWER-CREATURES WHO INHABIT THE...
MY GOD, SID! WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH US?!
HANG ON, SUE...WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS--
BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF--THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I WAS HAPPY--ONCE--MONTHS AGO--
WELL, MRS. L'SEURMONST, I TRUST YOU FIND THE HOME OF MY ANCESTORS QUAINT?
MR. L'SEURMONST, YOU JEST--PARIS IS THE PERFECT PLACE FOR OUR HONEY-MOON!
REESE
AND NOW...LADEEZ UN GENTLEMEN, A SPECIAL FEATURE OF LITERARY NOTE: A QUICK TOUR OF THE FASCINATING SEWERS UV PAHRHEE!
IS HE KIDDING?
HUSH, SIDNEY!
THEEZ ARE ZE VERY SEWERZ, LADEEZ UN GENTLEMEN IN WHICH THE REVOLUTIONARIES IN VICTOR HUGO'S IMMORTAL NOVEL, "LES MISERABLES" TOOK REFUGE...
}PHEW{ THEY MUST HAVE SMELLED LIKE THE HUDSON RIVER!
SIDNEY!
YES, LADEEZ UN GENTLEMEN, IN THESE VERY CATACOMBS!
FOLLOW ME!
HUH?
HEY, SUSAN!
SID! I JUST SAW ANOTHER GUIDE GO THAT WAY...HE SAID "FOLLOW ME"--

16 WRITTEN BY CHARLES McNAUGHTON ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH REESE

17

IF WE TIP HIM A DOLLAR HE'LL PROBABLY SHOW US SOME FASCINATING SIGHTS AND RECOUNT SOME WONDERFUL STORIES ABOUT THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND!
I HEAR THERE ARE EVEN WHOLE COLONIES OF FORTUNE-TELLERS WHO LIVE IN THESE MUSTY OLD PUBLIC CELLERS!
WELL, OK, KID, IT SEEMS YOUR GUIDE DOESN'T WANT TO TARRY LONG! IN FACT, HE'S 20 PACES AHEAD OF US...
HEY! YOU! GUIDE! SLOW DOWN!
DON'T BE SURPRISED IF HE JUST TURNS OUT TO BE SOMEONE TRYING TO SELL US SOME FRENCH POSTCARDS!
UH-OH!
EEEK!
WE'RE TRAPPED!
SID! SID! TURN AROUND!
SKREELANG!
THEN I SAW THEM! THEY CAME LUMBERING AT US, VAST, HIDEOUS, OOZING CREATURES OF SLIME! THEY WERE REPULSIVE BEYOND ALL DOUBT--SO WELL DO I REMEMBER THAT HORRID MOMENT!-- FOREVER ETCHED ON MY CORRODED BRAIN!
GOOD LORD! DECREPIT, DECAYING HEAPLIKE MONSTERS! IT CAN'T BE HAPPENING!
SIDNEY! THIS... SEEMS LIKE A NIGHTMARE!--A PSYCHOTIC'S FEVER-DREAM!

TRUE, IT WAS A FOOLISH THING TO SAY...COMIC ALMOST, BUT THE **WILL-CRUNCHING SHOCK** OF THE **SITUATION** HAD **OVERCOME** ME...IN MY **HORROR,** I WENT TEMPORARILY **MAD--DELIRIOUS!**

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN--THROUGH THE **LABYRINTH,** PAST SCORES OF PIPES AND **SUBTERRANEAN ALLEYWAYS,** THROUGH THEIR **STRANGE UNDERWORLD**--THEY CARRIED US THROUGH UNDERGROUND STREAMS UNTIL...

I'LL NEVER FORGET MY SHOCK WHEN ONE OF THE CREATURES SPOKE TO ME--**AND IN ENGLISH!**

WE WEEL KEEP YOU HERE ANZ FEED YOU, UNTIL WE DECIDE WHAT WE DO WIZ YOU!--
WHETHER TO LET YOU JOIN US--OR BE PUT TO OTHAIRE USES!
I STILL DON'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING!

IN TWO HOURS THEY HAD DISPLAYED MUCH HOSPITALITY.
THEY SERVED A RATHER TASTY MEAL... MAYBE THEY'RE DECENT...
I NOTICE YOU ALL WEAR CLOTHES FROM VARIOUS ERAS IN HISTORY --WHY?
WE EACH WORE THE CLOTHES WE WORE WHEN WE CAME HERE...
THE FUMES HERE MADE US THIS WAY. AND KEPT US ALIVE HUNDREDS OF YEARS!
AN HOUR OR SO LATER, WE WERE ALONE...
THESE RUSTY AND CORRODED BRACELETS ARE ANCIENT--EASILY BROKEN...
PROVES WHAT HE SAID ABOUT THIS PLACE'S ANTIQUITY!

OH, DARLING...
NO TIME TO TALK, LUV, LET'S SPLIT THIS SLIMY SCENE!
THEY'RE FOLLOWING US!
WE'D BETTER SPLIT UP...
SPLIK SPLOK SPLIKSH! SPLOKSH! SPLOSH! SKLIPSH!

DON'T WORRY, SIDNEY, THEY WON'T DO ANYTHING TO ONE OF US TILL THEY CATCH THE OTHER!
SURE HOPE SO...!
THE RUSE WAS AT FIRST SUCCESSFUL--I DIVERTED THEIR ATTENTION, AND SOON HEARD THEIR FOOTSTEPS ECHOING DOWN THE GROTESQUE CORRIDOR THAT I HAD CHOSEN. BUT IN TIME I ELUDED THEM, AND HEARD THEIR EERIE ECHOING FOOTSTEPS SPLASHING DOWN SOME OTHER MURK-STREWN PASSAGEWAY...
AT FIRST I THOUGHT I WAS SAFE...UNTIL, IN THE MAZE OF GUTTERS, I STUMBLED INTO...
A GIGANTIC CAVERN! AND PEOPLE KEPT IN CAGES--ATTENDED BY THE SLIME-CREATURES!
WHAT STUPID, DENSE, CRASH-POUNDING SOULS DO THE DEMENTED MINDLESS CREATURES POSSESS!
I'VE STUMBLED ON A SOCIETY OF SADISTIC BRUTES!

THIS IS INSIDIOUS! DIABOLICAL!
THE MONSTER SLIME-MEN HOLDING HEALTHY PEOPLE IN CAPTIVITY!
SO THAT'S WHAT THAT OGRE MEANT ABOUT OTHER PURPOSES!
MY GUESS IS THAT THEY USE MEN AS SOME SORT OF SLAVE LABOR FORCE--
WORK THEM TO DEATH BEFORE THEY CAN TURN TO SLIME CREATURES, TOO!
I'LL SOON FIND OUT...
SOFTLY NOW...
THEY KNOW THIS SEWER WELL--I CAN'T ESCAPE IF THEY SEE ME NOW...
GOOD LORD! A KITCHEN!
TO KEEP THE POPULATION DOWN THEY EAT MOST NORMAL PEOPLE BEFORE THEY CAN TURN TO SLIME-MEN!
CH-CHOKE GA-
GAAK!
I WAS AT THAT POINT, I BELIEVE, THAT I FOREVER LOST MY MORALS AND MY SANITY... AS WELL AS THE "TASTY" MEAL MEAL THEY HAD SERVED ME EARLIER.
AFTER THAT, ALL MY ACTIONS WERE A CONFUSED, DEMENTED BLUR... I RAN MADLY THROUGH THE SEWER CATACOMBS... INSANE!
I AM IN THE VERY LAIR OF SAVAGERY... OF BARBARISM!
MUST GET OUT OF THIS DEATH WOMB! MUST SEE THE PURE LIGHT OF DAY!
MUST GET BACK TO CIVILIZATION--MUST SAVE SUSIE! MUST... MUST...

THIS DRAIN-PIPE SEEMS STURDY ENOUGH A WEAPON!
S...SOME-THING'S COMING...
KLIP PLIK PLOK
PLIK PLOK
KLIP PLOK
KLIP PLOK
KLOP PLIK
THERE! ACCURSED FIEND! CANNIBALIST DEGENERATE! YOU GOT WHAT YOU DESERVE!
OOPS! BETTER STOP YELLING--I'LL ATTRACT ATTENTION!
SAY...WHAT'S THAT HE DROPPED...
WHISSSH!
SMAK!
THEN MOST OMINENT OF ALL FIENDISH, GHOULISH HIDEOUS SHOCK OF SHOCKS! I SAW IT--HALF MUNCHED AWAY ...SAW THE SLIM, DELICATE, TAPERING FINGERS THE GRACE... CHARMING FORM...THE WEDDING RING!
OH NO! NO! NO! SUSIE--THEY--THEY CAUGHT SUSIE!!
NO! NO! DIE!
FOUL MONSTER!
DIE!

SQUEEZRRIP!
YOU SHOULD BE THANKFUL THAT I DON'T EAT YOUR BRAINS...
OH NO! NOW I FIND MYSELF EVEN THINKING OF DEGENERATING TO THEIR LEVEL!
NOW TO PUT ON ITS OUTFIT...FROM A DISTANCE, THEN, THESE CREATURES MAY NOT RECOGNIZE ME...I--
I MAY BE ABLE TO MAKE GOOD AN ESCAPE!
UH, OH! TWO MORE OF THOSE DEMONS AFTER ME!
I WON'T RISK FIGHTING TWO OF THEM...
WHAT LUCK! A TRAP DOOR!
THEN, IN MY APPENDIX-LIKE LAIR, I HEARD AN OMINOUS ROLLING, RUMBLING WEIGHT PLACED ON MY ESCAPE ROUTE DOOR.
THEY'RE TRYING TO SEAL ME IN--AS WITH A TOMB!
I'LL ESCAPE! I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!

BUT I LAUGHED TOO HASTILY. IT TOOK ME WEEKS OF CRAWLING THRU THE SLIMY MURK, BEFORE I FOUND AN ESCAPE ROUTE TO THE GREATER LABYRYNTHS!
THAT'S ONE BATTLE--BUT NOT THE WAR...
MY SKIN'S CHANGING! I...I LOOK LIKE THEM... THE FUMES HAVE DONE THEIR WORK!
NOW THAT I WAS FAMILIAR WITH MY SURROUNDINGS, I HAD NO TROUBLE NAVIGATING THE HORRID DOMAIN... EVEN BEING ACCEPTED UNCHALLENGED BY THE OTHER SLIME CREATURES!
THEY KNOW ME! I'M ONE OF THEM!
HO, PIERRE ...WHAT'S FOR SUPPER?
I BECAME LIKE THEM EVEN IN EATING HABITS!
IN TIME I TOOK TO THE SLIME WORLD WAY OF LIFE...AND DID MY CHORES OF TENDING THE LIVESTOCK!
HEE-YAAH! GET A MOVE ON!
I BECAME ANTAGONISTIC TOWARDS NORMALS! THE SLIME PEOPLE CAME TO BE BEAUTIFUL TO MY EYES.
WELL, ANOTHER ONE FOR THE STEW-POTS!
MONTHS PASSED, AND I WAS FINALLY FULLY TRUSTED BY THE SLIME WORLD SOCIETY...I EVEN TOOK A BRIDE...BUT MY CONSCIENCE BUGGED ME...
I KILLED A MEMBER OF THE SLIME WORLD-- NOW WEAR HIS CLOTHES...
I'M GUILTY OF MURDER ...I MUST MAKE AMENDS...
GHOULISH AS THE SLIME WORLD WAS, IT ACCEPTED ME--MY CHARACTER METAMORPHIZED--MY VALUES CHANGED ...I OFTEN TOOK LONG WALKS THROUGH THE BOWELS OF PARIS--MEDITATING...

NOW AND THEN I LONGED TO RETURN TO THE SURFACE --BUT SELDOM!
I'LL NEVER FIT IN IF I GO BACK! MY TASTES HAVE CHANGED...
THEN ONE DAY THE EDIFICIAL GATE TO THE SURFACE WORLD WAS HOISTED OPEN --FOR ME!
MY DAY... OF TEST!
THE DAY... THEY TRUST ME TO ACQUIRE FOOD!
GUILT WELLED WITHIN ME AS THE EXPERIENCES OF NEARLY A YEAR BEFORE CAME TO MY TORTURED MIND!
A TOUR PARTY!
THE MAN I KILLED--STOOD HERE--IN THESE CLOTHES!

AS COUPLES NEARBY AMBLED AND DALLIED, I STOOD-- IMPRISONED BY MADNESS AND HESITATION--
IT ALL STARTED SO LONG AGO! LONG AGO!
THE MAN I I KILLED SAID SOMETHING THAT STARTED IT ALL-- WHAT WAS IT?
SUDDENLY I COULD NOT HELP MYSELF! THE WORDS OF THE MAN I'D KILLED VERITABLY FORCED THEMSELVES UNCONTROLABLY FROM MY THROAT!
FOLLOW ME!
SO THAT'S HOW IT WORKS--LIKE A CURSE!
OH MY GOD! A CURSE!
I SAW MY ERROR TOO LATE--NOW THEY WERE INNOCENTLY FOLLOWING ME... AS I LED THEM TO--TO-- WELL, WE IN THE SLIME WORLD MUST HAVE FOOD TOO, YOU KNOW...
THE END

I HAVE BEEN A *THIEF* ALL MY LIFE, PREYING ON THE WEAK AND HELPLESS. THE PEA-SOUP *FOGS* OF LONDON HAVE BEEN GOOD TO ME. I *STRIKE* SUDDENLY AND THEN *ESCAPE* INTO THOSE YELLOW MISTS. BUT ON AN APRIL NIGHT IN 1890, MY *FATE* WAS TO SINK ITS TALONS INTO ME... BECAUSE AS I SAW A *TOFF* AND HIS *LADY*--AND STRUCK HARD!--MY *DESTINY* WAS ALREADY TAKING SHAPE! I WAS ABOUT TO BECOME...

THE MAN WHO STOLE ETERNITY

WRITTEN BY GARDNER FOX ILLUSTRATED BY BILL EVERETT

MY HAND STABBED OUT. DARK EYES BLAZED FURIOUSLY INTO MINE AS...
I'LL TAKE THEM *BEAUTIES,* LADY!
FOOL! THE *POWERS OF DARKNESS* PROTECT ME!
AND IT IS THOSE DARK POWERS THAT SHALL *PUNISH* YOU!

I RAN THROUGH THE MISTS TO A PUB...
I MADE A GOOD HAUL TONIGHT! THESE PEARLS MUST BE WORTH PLENTY!
PAH! THAT DAME WAS BONKERS WITH HER TALK OF DARK POWERS. ME GET PUNISHED? NOT LIKELY!
--THE GRINNING SKULL--WHERE A FENCE NAMED CHARLIE PEACE DID BUSINESS...
HOW MUCH, CHARLEY?
THESE'RE REAL PEARLS, MIKE--BUT 'ARD TO GET RID OF. TWENTY POUNDS AN' NOT H'A SHILLIN' MORE!
CHARLEY, YOU MEET LOTS OF FOLKS. YOU EVER HEARD OF A "MAGIC MUSEUM"?
I'LL SAY H'I 'AVE! 'IS NIBS THE H'EARL OF SOLREY OWNS H'IT. BIG PLACE 'E'S GOT--H'OFF GROSVENOR SQUARE!
YOU GOIN' TER BUST THAT PLACE, MIKE? IF YOU H'ARE, H'I GOT H'A CLIENT THAT WILL PAY PLENTY FOR WHATEVER YOU BRING OUT! PLENTY!
THOUGHTS RAN RIOT IN MY HEAD AS I WENT OVER MY PAST LIFE. AS A YOUNG BOY, I'D HELPED MY DAD STEAL BODIES FROM GRAVES FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS TO PRACTICE ON...
WHEN I'D GROWN OLDER, THERE WERE ALWAYS TOFFS AND SWELLS TO ROB IN THE LONDON FOGS...
I BEEN GOING FOR PEANUTS ALL MY LIFE. YEAH, I'M GOING TO BUST THAT SOLREY MUSEUM. FOR ALL IT'S GOT!
AN HUNNERD POUNDS H'OR MORE I'LL GET YOU. JUST FOR SOMETHING FROM THAT MUSEUM. YOU'LL BE H'A RICH MAN COME TOMORROW NIGHT, MIKE!

SOME NIGHTS LATER, I STOOD IN GROSVENOR SQUARE, MY EYES RUNNING OVER A BIG STONE MANSION...
IT'S A LEAD PIPE CINCH! I CAN CRACK THAT PLACE LIKE IT WAS A BABY'S PIGGY BANK!
AND I'M GOING TO!
A SLASH WITH A GLASS-CUTTER...A CLAMP OF A RUBBER SUCTION DISC ...AND THEN...
I WAS INSIDE THAT ROOM--AND STANDING IN A NIGHTMARE PLACE! FOR OUT OF MUMMY CASE AND OINTMENT JAR, FROM PILES OF SCROLLS AND AN INCENSE TRIPOD ROSE EERIE FIGURES...
MY GAWD-- WHAT'VE I GOT MYSELF INTO?
I TURNED TO RUN--TOO LATE! FOR THOSE THINGS CAME AT ME, LUNGING ALMOST TOO SWIFTLY FOR THE EYE TO SEE...
GOTTA--GET --AWAY!
CLAWED HANDS CAUGHT ME! FIENDISH FANGS BIT DEEP! CRUELLY CURVED TALONS SLASHED MY CLOTHES AND SKIN...
GOD HELP ME! HELP ME! OH MY GOD--THIS CAN'T BE REAL!

OVERPOWERED BY THOSE DEMONIAC PRESENCES I SANK DOWNWARD--**DOWNWARD!** NOT TOWARD THE FLOOR--THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN BLESSED PEACE!--BUT TOWARD A NETHER WORLD THAT OPENED MY EYES...
AAAAGHH
NO, NO! IT **CAN'T** BE **REAL!**

I FELT THAT FIRE--THE AWESOME CHILL OF THAT OTHER-WORLD ICE! I WAS BURNED--AND FROZEN! I SCREAMED...
AAAGHHH!
AAAGHHH!

THEN LIGHT EXPLODED ALL ABOUT ME AS A VOICE CRIED OUT...
BEGONE, ANOTHOR! **DEPART,** NIXWIT! **LEAVE US,** ABADDON!
SAVE ME, PLEASE **SAVE** ME!

YOU AGAIN! I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU QUITE SO **SOON!**
LADY, I'LL GET YER **PEARLS** BACK! I **SWEAR** IT. BUT DON'T LET THEM THINGS **GET** ME AGAIN. I--COULDN'T --**STAND** IT!

YOU KILLED MY HUSBAND WITH THAT BRICK! I BURIED HIM THIS AFTERNOON!
...IT MAY BE THAT I WOULD HAVE A USE FOR A THIEF!
I SHOULD TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE, BUT...
THIS MAGIC MUSEUM IS ALMOST COMPLETE! I POSSESS STAR CHARTS AND MAGICAL FORMULAS FROM THE ANCIENT CHALDEANS, MASTERS OF MAGIC, I OWN THE BOOKS OF SIMON MAGUS OF CAGLIOSTRO, OF APOLLONIUS OF TYANA!
YET--THERE IS ONE THING LACKING!
I DO NOT HAVE THE ELIXIR OF LIFE WHICH WAS GIVEN TO ALTHOTAS THE MYSTERIOUS, MASTER ALCHEMIST--BY THE DEMON OPHIS!
YOU ARE A THIEF. YOU SHALL STEAL THAT ELIXIR FOR ME!
I AM A SORCERESS, ACCOMPLISHED AS MELUSINE HERSELF! DENY ME THAT ELIXIR--AND I SHALL SUMMON UP THE DEMONS OF THE PIT TO DRAG YOU DOWN INTO THEIR EVIL LAND WHERE ICE AND FIRE ARE AS ONE!
THERE THOSE WICKED SPIRITS SHALL TORTURE YOU FOR TIME WITHOUT END--FOR ALL ETERNITY!
I BABBLED AGREEMENT IN MY FEAR. I WOULD HAVE PROMISED ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARISH HOUSE...
YES, LADY--YES! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY, I SWEAR IT!
YOU NAME IT, I'LL STEAL IT, I DON'T CARE WHAT IT IS!
THEN LISTEN CAREFULLY AND I SHALL TELL YOU HOW TO DO IT...
SHE GAVE ME THE DIRECTIONS--BUT WHEN I WAS OUT OF THAT MUSEUM, I FLED MADLY THROUGH THE DEEPENING FOG...
I DON'T WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH A DAME LIKE THAT!
I'M GOING HOME TO BED AND STAY THERE!

I FELL ASLEEP EXHAUSTED, BUT SOMETIME AFTER MIDNIGHT...
WAKE, MICHAEL MASON! WAKE, TO TASTE THE TORMENTS WHICH ONLY WE CAN BRING YOU!
HUNNH??

WITH DEMON FANG AND FIENDISH CLAW THEY FELL UPON ME...
AAAAAGGGHH!

BENEATH ME I SAW THE GULFS OF SPACE AND TIME OPEN ONCE AGAIN--INTO THOSE FRIGHTFUL ABYSSES WHERE DWELL THE DEMON SPIRITS OF THE UNIVERSE!...
NO! NO! WAIT--WAIT UNTIL I CAN TELL YOU...I'LL STEAL THE ELIXIR! NOW--TONIGHT --BEFORE DAWN!
ONLY PLEASE--DON'T LET THESE THINGS TAKE ME--DOWN THERE!

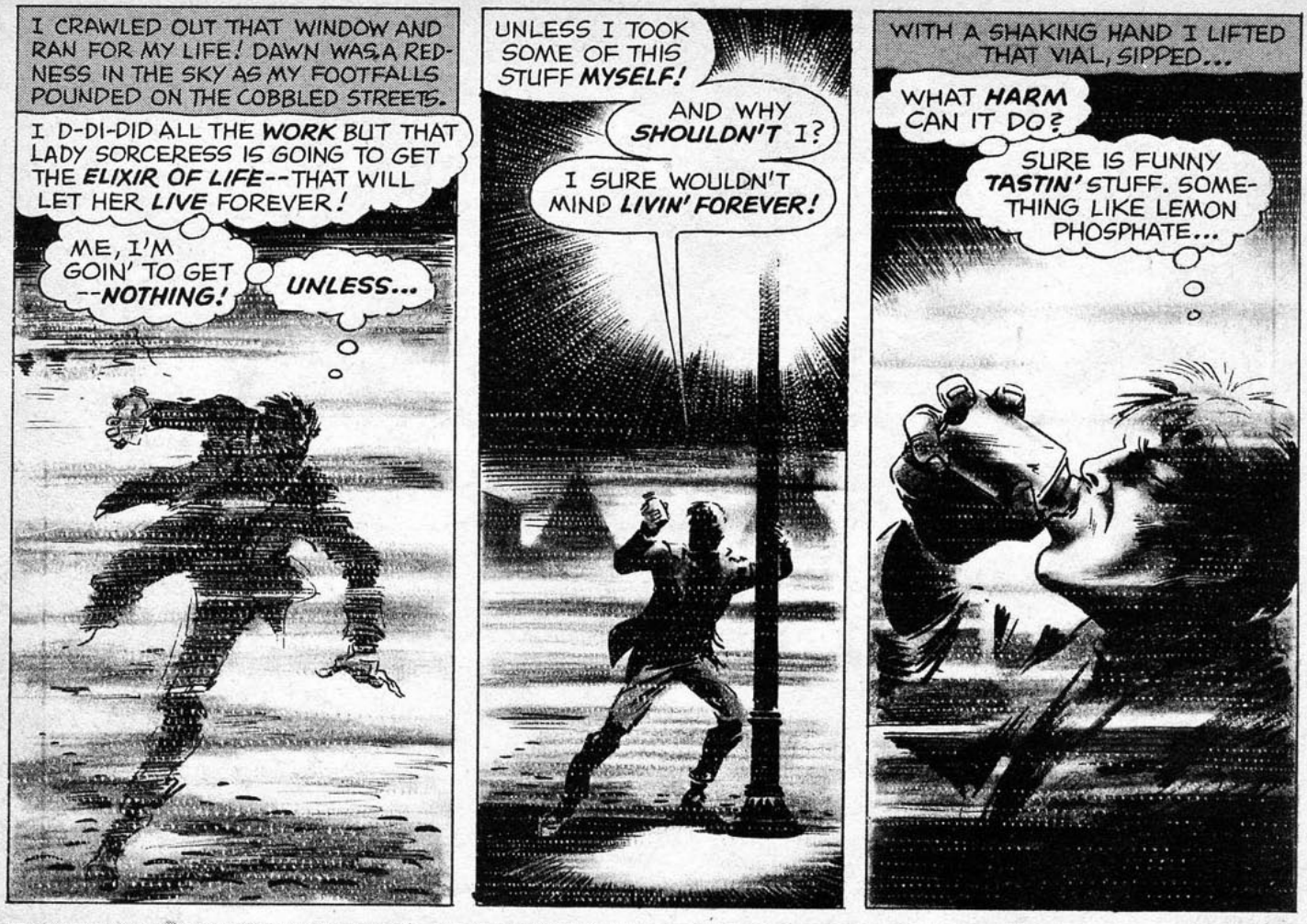
INSTANTLY--I FOUND MYSELF WEEPING AND SOBBING LIKE A BABY ON THE COLD FLOOR...
SOB SOB
THEY--THEY'VE GONE!

IT HAD BEEN NO DREAM! MY FLESH WAS CUT--SCRATCHED --BLEEDING! I KNEW THEN THAT I WOULD NEVER ESCAPE THE CLUTCH OF THE SORCERESS!...
I GOT TO OBEY THAT WOMAN--OR SHE'LL SEND HER DEMONS TO ME AGAIN--TO TAKE ME INTO THAT DEMONLAND OF THEIRS!
I COULDN'T STAND THAT! I'D GO CRAZY IN THAT PLACE!

I RAN THROUGH THE FOGGY NIGHT, INTENT ONLY ON FULFILLING THE NEEDS OF LADY SOLREY. AHEAD OF ME WAS THE HOUSE I WAS TO ROB --SMALL, ALMOST INSIGNIFICANT...
WON'T TAKE LONG TO CRACK **THAT** PLACE. GET IN A WINDOW --LOOK AROUND UNTIL I SEE THE VIAL--THEN **SWIPE** IT!
ONCE I DO THAT --I'LL GET THAT WITCHWOMAN **OFF MY BACK!**
I SLIPPED INSIDE THE HOUSE THROUGH AN UNLOCKED WINDOW AND PAUSED UNTIL MY EYES BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO THE DARKNESS WHICH WAS RELIEVED ONLY BY FAINT MOONLIGHT...
THERE IT **IS**-- IN THAT GLASS **CASE!**
I CUT THE GLASS CAREFULLY-- REACHED INSIDE. AND AS I DID SO...
HEY! WHA--WHAT'S GOT **HOLD** OF ME?

FANGED HEADS TOWERED ABOVE! THE HISS OF SERPENTINE DEMONS EXPLODED IN MY EARS! FEAR PARALYZED MY EVERY MUSCLE...
GULP! OHHH-- **NO**
OUT OF THE SHADOWS DARTED OTHER SHAPES-- SHAPES I ONLY KNEW TOO WELL! --TO CLASH IN DEMONIAC BATTLE WITH THE REPTILIAN DEVILS.
I'M SO **SCARED** I CAN'T EVEN **YELL!**
BUT I CAN'T **STAY** HERE! SOONER OR LATER ONE OF THEM THINGS WILL GRAB **ME!**

IN SOME DEMON-WORLD, THIS FIENDISH STRUGGLE MIGHT HAVE TAKEN PLACE, BUT NOT IN LONDON! I TOLD MYSELF THIS BUT...
M-MY LEGS W-WON'T DO W-WHAT I WANT THEM TO!
I'M ROOTED HERE LIKE I W-WAS A PLANT!
A SCALY TAIL HIT ME, DROVE ME HEELS OVER HEAD...
WHAAAK!
I CLAWED A PATH TO THE OPEN WINDOW, HORROR FREEZING MY MIND AND HEART...
GOTTA GET AWAY... GOTTA GET AWAY... GOTTA GET AWAY...
THE LADY SORCERESS HAD SENT HER DEMONS TO PROTECT ME. I WANTED TO LAUGH BECAUSE IN THEIR AWFUL BATTLE THEY CAME CLOSE TO KILLING ME!
MAYBE THEY'RE HELPING ME TO GET OUT, SLAMMING INTO ME THIS WAY!
BUT THEY'RE LIABLE TO BREAK ME IN HALF AT THE SAME TIME!

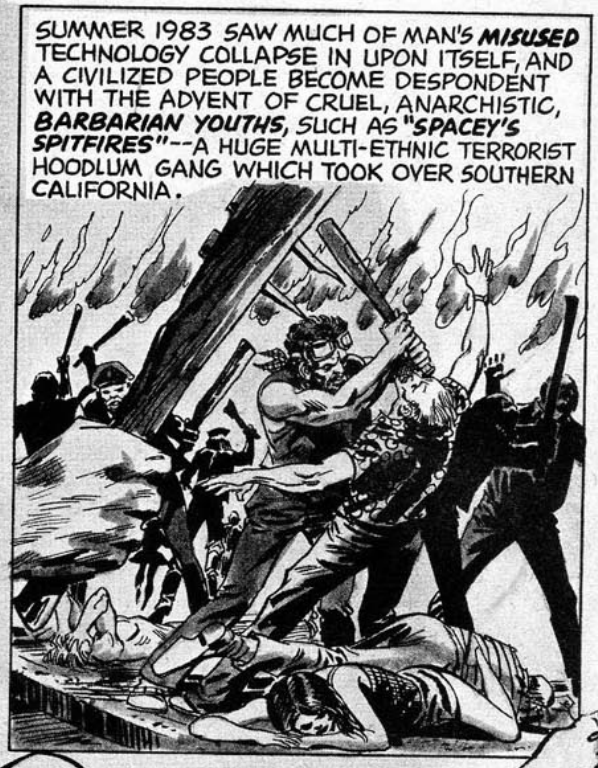

I CRAWLED OUT THAT WINDOW AND RAN FOR MY LIFE! DAWN WAS A REDNESS IN THE SKY AS MY FOOTFALLS POUNDED ON THE COBBLED STREETS.
I D-DI-DID ALL THE WORK BUT THAT LADY SORCERESS IS GOING TO GET THE ELIXIR OF LIFE--THAT WILL LET HER LIVE FOREVER!
ME, I'M GOIN' TO GET --NOTHING!
UNLESS...
UNLESS I TOOK SOME OF THIS STUFF MYSELF!
AND WHY SHOULDN'T I?
I SURE WOULDN'T MIND LIVIN' FOREVER!
WITH A SHAKING HAND I LIFTED THAT VIAL, SIPPED...
WHAT HARM CAN IT DO?
SURE IS FUNNY TASTIN' STUFF. SOMETHING LIKE LEMON PHOSPHATE...

I CHECKED TO MAKE SURE I HADN'T DRUNK TOO MUCH, SO'S THAT LADY SORCERESS WOULDN'T GET SUSPICIOUS...
NAH! I JUST TOOK A LITTLE!
BUT I SURE WOULDN'T WANT HER TO SIC THEM DEMONS ON ME AGAIN!
APPARENTLY SHE HAD NO SUSPICIONS, FOR...
YOU'VE DONE WELL, MICHAEL MASON. NOW MY COLLECTION OF MAGICAL ARTIFACTS IS COMPLETE!
YOU MAY GO HOME NOW!
I WAS EXHAUSTED, DRAINED OF ALL ENERGY AS I WALKED HOMEWARD THROUGH THE MORNING MISTS...
I FEEL FEVERISH, HOT. MAYBE I'M CATCHIN' A COLD OR SOMETHING.
I GUESS I'D BETTER TAKE A HOT TODDY AND GO TO BED! I'M REALLY TIRED!

ALL THAT DAY AND THROUGH THE NEXT NIGHT I SLEPT AND SLEPT. IT WAS AS IF SOME STRANGE MALADY WERE WORKING IN MY VEINS. THEN WHEN THE FOLLOWING MORNING DAWNED...
I--CAN'T--MOVE!
SOMEBODY--PLEASE HELP ME. I JUST LIE HERE--HELPLESS...
WHEN NIGHT CAME, THE LANDLADY ENTERED MY LITTLE ROOM--BRINGING A DOCTOR WITH HER...
I'M AFRAID THIS MAN IS--DEAD!
BUT I'M NOT DEAD! I'M ALIVE!
I'M IN A COMA OR SOMETHING. I CAN SEE AND HEAR EVERYTHING AROUND ME--BUT I JUST CAN'T MOVE!
HELPLESS, I WATCHED AS I WAS DRESSED IN MY CLEANEST CLOTHES AND THEN PLACED IN A PINE BOX.
WE'LL BURY HIM IN POTTER'S FIELD, SINCE HE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH MONEY.
NO! DON'T BURY ME! I'M ALIVE... NOT DEAD! ALIVE! ALIVE!
IT CAME TO ME, EVEN AS MY COFFIN WAS BEING LOWERED INTO THE COLD, DAMP GROUND. I WAS AN --IMMORTAL! I COULD NEVER DIE! FOR ALL TIME I WOULD REMAIN HERE--BURIED ALIVE!--WHILE THE WORLD WENT ON ABOVE ME...
OH MY GOD--
AAAAGGHH!
TODAY--EIGHTY YEARS LATER--THERE IS A LEGEND THAT IN AN OLD GRAVEYARD IN LONDON, IF YOU LISTEN CLOSELY, YOU CAN HEAR A GHOSTLY VOICE WHIMPERING, CRYING OUT FOR HELP...AND PITY...
SOMEBODY...HELP ME... WON'T SOMEBODY GET ME... OUT OF HERE?
The END

BEWARE SMALL EVILS!

TO THOSE WHO SURVIVED TO THE YEAR 1983, SUMMER WAS FULL OF THE USUAL MADNESS, AND THE LETHAL TOLL OF SMALL EVILS MOUNTED--AS DID CLOUDS OF CAR EXHAUST, INDUSTRIAL POISONS AND STAGNANT WATER TO STRANGLE EARTH'S FRAGILE ECOLOGY... MAKING PURE AIR AND WATER SCARCE...


SUMMER 1983 SAW MUCH OF MAN'S MISUSED TECHNOLOGY COLLAPSE IN UPON ITSELF, AND A CIVILIZED PEOPLE BECOME DESPONDENT WITH THE ADVENT OF CRUEL, ANARCHISTIC, BARBARIAN YOUTHS, SUCH AS "SPACEY'S SPITFIRES"--A HUGE MULTI-ETHNIC TERRORIST HOODLUM GANG WHICH TOOK OVER SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KATZ AND FRANK GIACOIA

THE SPITFIRES WERE NAMED AFTER SPACEY JAGLIN, A FEMALE MOTORCYCLE TRAMP TURNED "RESPECTABLE" 3-D MOVIE-QUEEN WHO TRAGICALLY DIED OF AN OVERDOSE OF AMPHETAMINES MIXED WITH OTHER DEADLY BODY-POLLUTANTS...THAT 1984 SUMMER...IN LOS ANGELES.
THE WEEK OF HER FUNERAL, BUT A FEW MILES NORTH OF L.A., IN AN UNOBTRUSIVE AND RECKLESSLY UNGUARDED CLIFF-SIDE RESEARCH CENTER, OVERLOOKING OIL-SLICKED OCEAN, A CONGRESSMAN INQUIRED--

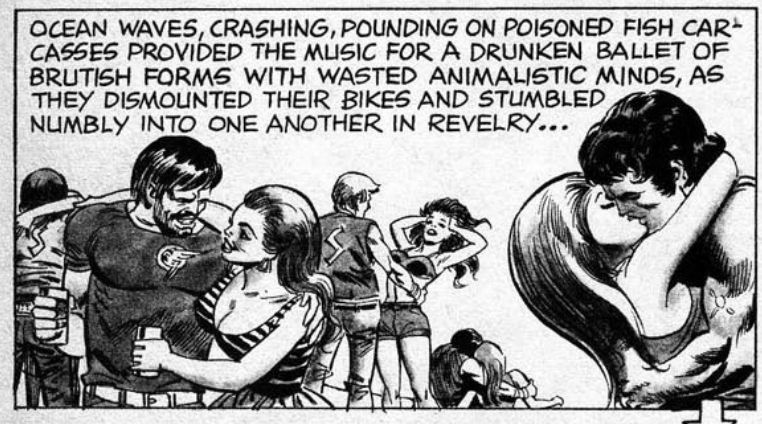
YOU WANT SOMETHING TO REPORT TO YOUR COMMITTEE, SENATOR?
YOU CAN TELL THEM ABOUT MUTATION #320-- DEVELOPED AFTER 320 GENETIC MUTATIONS WITH THIS CYCLOTRON...
AND A CROSS-BREEDING OF VARIOUS ONE-CELLED OGANISMS INTO A SUPER-STRAIN OF GERM PLANT CLUSTER...
DO YOU FEEL IT'S REALLY WORTH TEN BILLION DOLLARS?
THOSE TAX DOLLARS COULD BE BETTER SPENT ON OUR WAR EFFORTS IN SOUTH AMERICA AND CANADA, PROFESSOR BACAULL!
GERM-PLANT CULTURE MUTATION #320, SENATOR, IS ABLE TO PRODUCE OXYGEN!..
OXYGEN THAT HAS BEEN DISAPPEARING RAPIDLY BECAUSE OF THE OIL COMPANIES YOU REPRESENT IN CONGRESS, SENATOR REEDLY!
OBSERVE THE CULTURE MAGNIFIED ON THE VIEW SCREEN BEFORE US...
THE ODD CROSS-BRED COMBINATION OF ONE-CELLED PLANT AND ANIMAL LIFE YOU SEE, SENATOR...
MAY JUST SAVE THE HUMAN SPECIES FROM EXTINCTION! IT WILL PRODUCE OXYGEN ENOUGH FOR ALL--
WHEN PERFECTED!
BIKERS
ATTEND THE MOMENTOUS FUNERAL OF SPACEY
JAGLIN
WEDNESDA
$5 adm

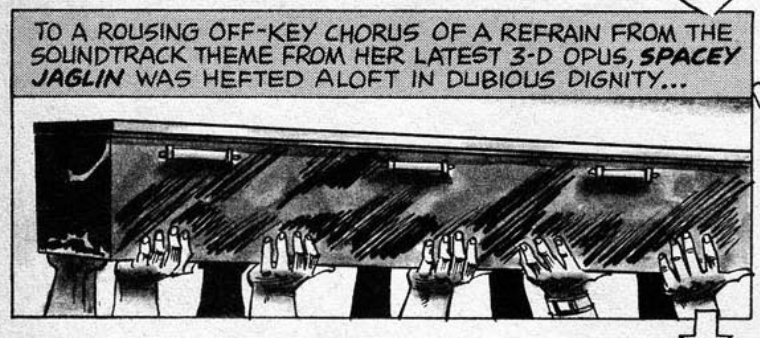
ALONG THE SMOGGY SEASCAPE, FESTIVE AND BARBARIC LEGIONS OF SPACEY'S SPITFIRES RIDE, SPEWING CARBON MONOXIDE EXHAUST CLOUDS THAT HALF-HID THEIR GRIM TOW--THE COFFIN-CYCLE OF SPACEY JAGLIN...
PROFESSOR, DO YOU REALIZE THE MILLIONS THAT CAN BE MADE FROM THIS DEVELOPMENT?
UH, PLEASE DON'T GRAB THE SLIDE, SENA--UHH?--
SNAP!
IT'S NOT FULLY DEVELOPED! AT THIS STAGE OF MUTATION--
IT'S PARASITIC!
AA!!IEEEE!
THOUGH THE MUTATION #320 DOES PRODUCE OXYGEN, SENATOR REEDLY, IT ALSO DEVOURS LIVING PLANT AND ANIMAL TISSUES! IT EATS PEOPLE'S FLESH!
FOR GOD'S SAKE!--DON'T STAND THERE--HELP HIM!
WE HAVE FOUND, HOWEVER, THAT COMMON HOUSEHOLD DETERGENT, ODDLY ENOUGH CAN, DESTROY IT...
ENZYME
THE SAME DETERGENT THAT 15 YEARS AGO DESTROYED OXYGEN-PRODUCING PLANKTON--IN THE OCEAN--AND FORCED US TO DEVELOP MUTATION #320.
MISTER ENZYME
HMM..."MR. ENZYME"--YOU OWN THAT SOAP COMPANY, DON'T YOU, SENATOR?
HEY--BUM WHEELIE, EH, BABY?! SPUN LIKE A WHITE TORNADO! YOU OK?
YEH, BROTHER! SAW A HOSPITAL BACK THERE--I'LL GET THE KNEE PATCHED--CATCH YA AT THE FUNERAL!
LATER!

NOW IF YOU CAN HOLD YOUR CURIOSITY IN CHECK, PROFESSOR, I'LL LET YOU WITNESS HOW WE MUTATE THE STRAIN--
ER-- YOU CAN CONTROL YOURSELF?--
YES--YES-- ALL RIGHT! BUT --MY HAND!
MISS SCHIFF, WOULD YOU PLEASE BRING IN ANOTHER CULTURE-SLIDE OF MUTATION #320--
AND--AH--A FIRST AID KIT?
YES, SIR!
WHILE IN THE OUTER OFFICES...
P-PLEASE S-SIR!--
DAMN IT! DON'T GIVE ME NO RUN-AROUND!
I KNOW THIS IS A HOSPITAL! --AIN'T NO RESEARCH CENTER!
S-STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HIM!?
FIRST AID
IF YOU DOCS DON'T FIX MY KNEE, I'LL USE YOUR NECK FOR MY BELT!
YOU ALL LIE! LIE LIKE RUGS!
HERE'S A FIRST-AID KIT!
GIVE IT TO ME, BROAD! I'LL PATCH MYSELF UP IF NOBODY ELSE WILL!
FIRST AID
THUD!
CC-CRASH!
SHATTER!
SSPKLLRRSSHH!
MISS SCHIFF!
WHAT?--
THAT BIKER CREEP HIT ME!
#320 CULTURE FLEW OUT THE WINDOW!

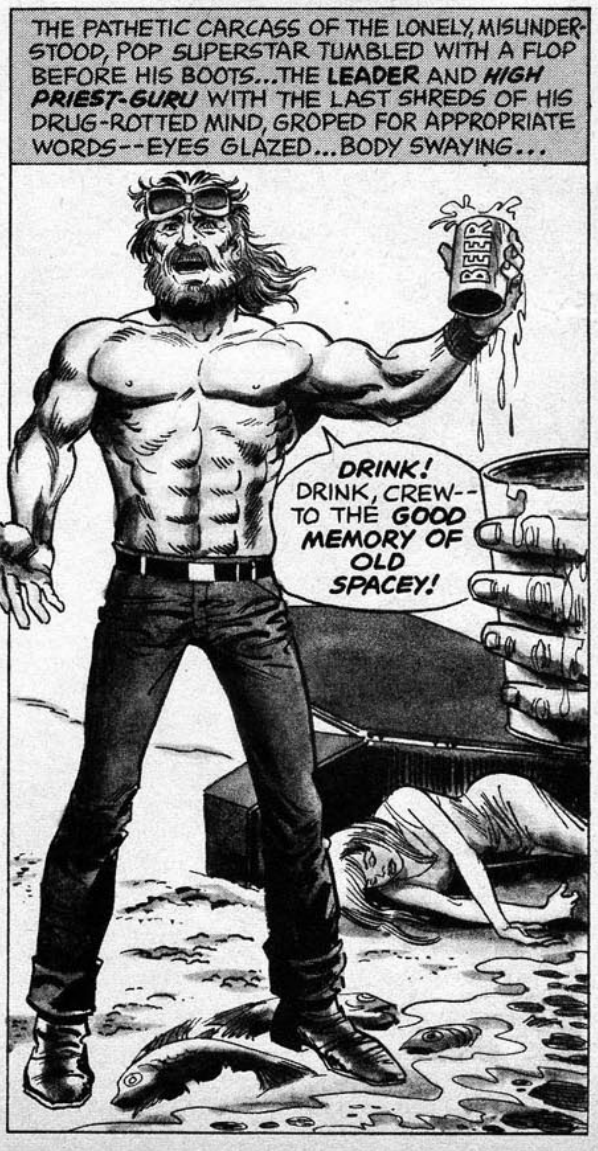
DRIFTING AWAY--NO HARM MAY COME!
BACTERIA MULTIPLY THEMSELVES IN SECONDS!
BUT THIS MUTATED STRAIN MAY NOT LAST LONG!

BUT FATE PLAYS STRANGE MUSIC, AND THE LYRIC SEA-WINDS EDDIED AND SWIRLED THE FLOATING MUTATION #320 5 MILES UP THE ROAD, TO THE SIGHT OF A PANORAMA OF MOTORCYCLE HOODLUMS PREPARING TO PAY THEIR LAST COARSE RESPECTS...


OCEAN WAVES, CRASHING, POUNDING ON POISONED FISH CARCASSES PROVIDED THE MUSIC FOR A DRUNKEN BALLET OF BRUTISH FORMS WITH WASTED ANIMALISTIC MINDS, AS THEY DISMOUNTED THEIR BIKES AND STUMBLED NUMBLY INTO ONE ANOTHER IN REVELRY...


TO A ROUSING OFF-KEY CHORUS OF A REFRAIN FROM THE SOUNDTRACK THEME FROM HER LATEST 3-D OPUS, SPACEY JAGLIN WAS HEFTED ALOFT IN DUBIOUS DIGNITY...

BUT A DRUNKEN LURCH NULLIFIED ALL ATTEMPTS AT ANY DIGNITY...

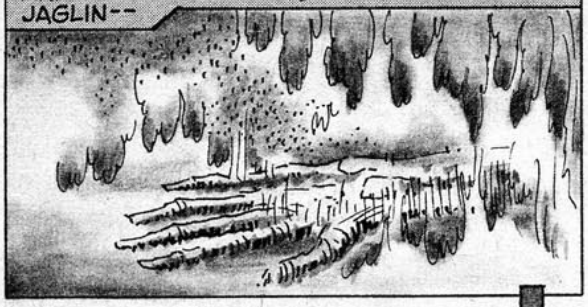

THE PATHETIC CARCASS OF THE LONELY, MISUNDERSTOOD, POP SUPERSTAR TUMBLED WITH A FLOP BEFORE HIS BOOTS...THE LEADER AND HIGH PRIEST-GURU WITH THE LAST SHREDS OF HIS DRUG-ROTTED MIND, GROPED FOR APPROPRIATE WORDS--EYES GLAZED...BODY SWAYING...
BEER
DRINK! DRINK, CREW--TO THE GOOD MEMORY OF OLD SPACEY!

AT THE COMMAND OF THE FANATICAL "HOLY MAN" LEADER, EACH MEMBER OF THE PRIMITIVE AND SAVAGE SUPERSTITIOUS HERD FILED BY, AND PREPARED HER BROKEN BODY FOR CREMATION!

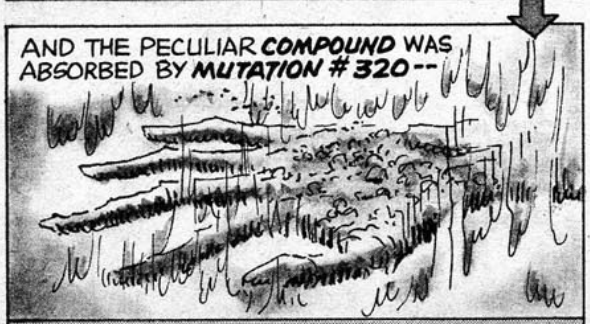
AND TO THE RHYTHMIC SHOUTS OF HIS MUMBO-JUMBO GURU-RAVINGS, THEY HOISTED HER CORPSE ALOFT WITH TIRE-IRONS AND CROW-BARS, AND SET HER REMAINS **ABLAZE!**

YOUR DEATH SIGNALS THE END OF AN ERA, OH, SPACEY JAGLIN! OH, GODDESS!
NOW BEGINS A NEW EPOCH! --IN WHICH THE SPITFIRES SHALL ASCEND TO GREAT POWER AND RULE THE WORLD!

BUT THE CHEMICAL LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE TO NOT BOW TO SUPERSTITION-MONGERS, AND THE HEAT FUSED A **COMPOUND** OF **FORMALDEHYDE**, AND THE DRUGS THAT HAD KILLED SPACEY JAGLIN--



AND THE PECULIAR **COMPOUND** WAS ABSORBED BY **MUTATION #320**--



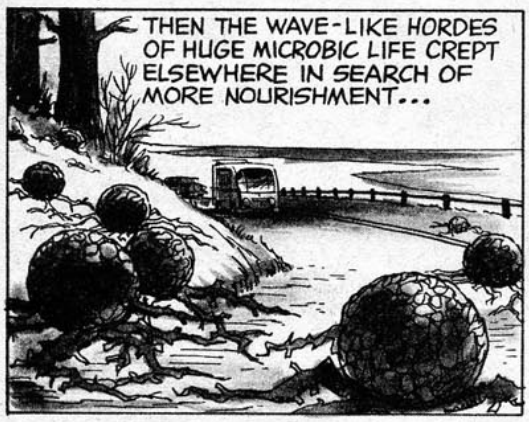
AND IT **NOURISHED MUTATION #320!**--

AND THE **INVIGORATED MUTATION #320** BEGAN TO RISE LIKE YEAST AND CONTINUE TO **GROW AND MULTIPLY**--

AND ONCE SPARKED TO ACCELERATED GROWTH, IT **WOULD NOT STOP!**

FOR IT IS RIGHT THAT SPACEY'S SPITFIRES GAIN VENGEANCE!
HER NAMESAKE ARMY SHALL OVERRUN AMERICA!--THEN THE WORLD! GRANT US A SIGN OF APPROVAL, O POWERS OF SPIRIT AND GLORY!
BUT REALITY NEITHER HEARS NOR HEEDS THE RANTINGS OF A MYSTIC...
MUTATION #320 FED ON THE CARCAS OF THE GURU-LEADER, GROWING RAPIDLY. THEN IT FLOATED AWAY, SENSORS QUIVERING IN HUNGRY ANTICIPATION OF MORE LIFE TO DEVOUR!--
NO! NO!!
AGAAIIIEEE!
HELLPP!
"BUT SEE, AMID THE MIMIC ROUT A CRAWLING SHAPE INTRUDE! A BLOOD-RED THING THAT WRITHES WITHOUT THE SCENIC SOLITUDE! IT WRITHES!--WITH MORTAL PANGS, THE MIMES BECOME ITS FOOD, AND THE ANGELS SOB AT VERMIN FANGS IN HUMAN GORE IMBUED." --POE, THE CONQUEROR WORM.
"GOLDEN LADS AND GIRLS ALL MUST AS CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS, COME TO DUST." --WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, CYMBALINE, ACT 4, SCENE 2

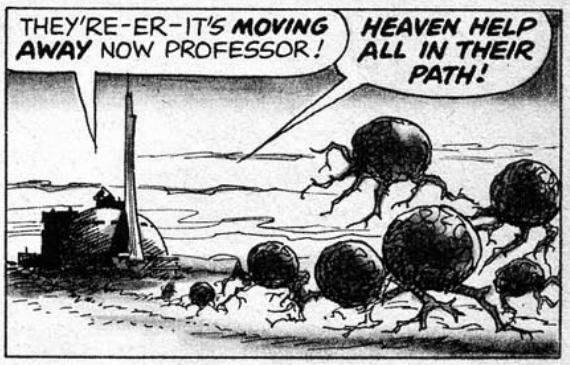
GROWING, EVER GROWING--SOON MUTATION #320 WAS A TOWERING HEAP OF MALIGNANCY!--DIGESTING HUNDREDS OF TERROR-STRICKEN BIKERS IN A MATTER OF MINUTES! THE SPORES OF DEATH SURGED ONWARD, STILL GROWING!!


THEN THE WAVE-LIKE HORDES OF HUGE MICROBIC LIFE CREPT ELSEWHERE IN SEARCH OF MORE NOURISHMENT...

AND THOSE WHO WERE UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE THEIR CAR WINDOWS UNROLLED DID NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO REGRET THEIR MISTAKE...

DON'T PANIC, NURSE! SECURE THE DOORS AND WINDOWS!--
WE CAN WEATHER THIS OUT!
YES, PROFESSOR...

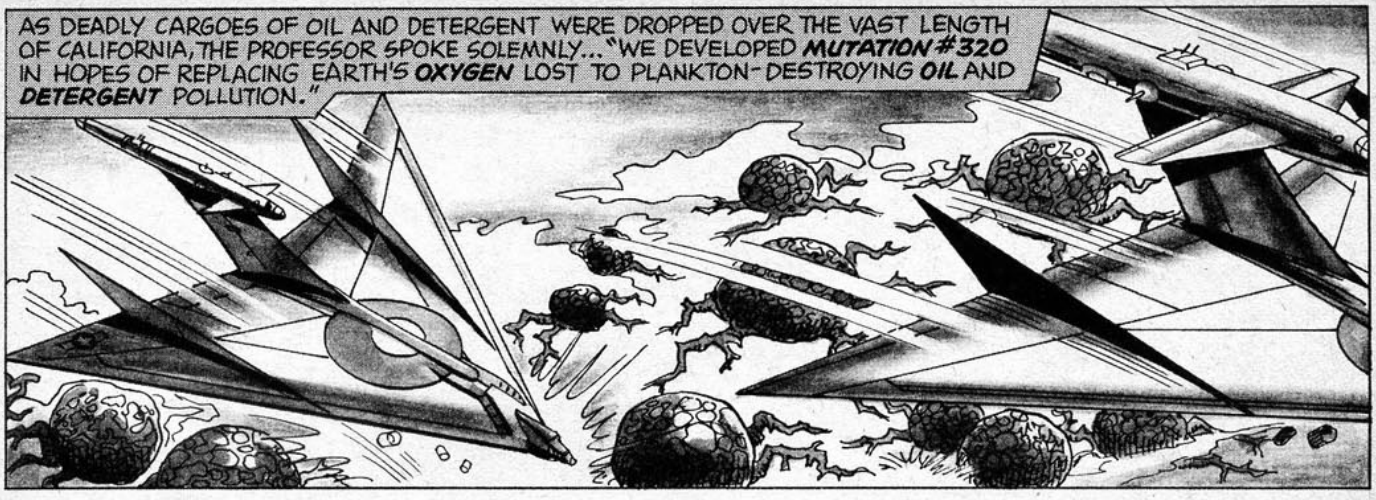
I HOPE YOU RECOGNIZE WHAT THOSE MONSTERS ARE, SENATOR REEDLY!
ULP


THEY'RE-ER-IT'S MOVING AWAY NOW PROFESSOR!
HEAVEN HELP ALL IN THEIR PATH!

MUTATION #320 THEN SPREAD ON DOWN TO THE OUTSKIRT BEACH RESORTS OF LOS ANGELES...
POLLUTED WATER

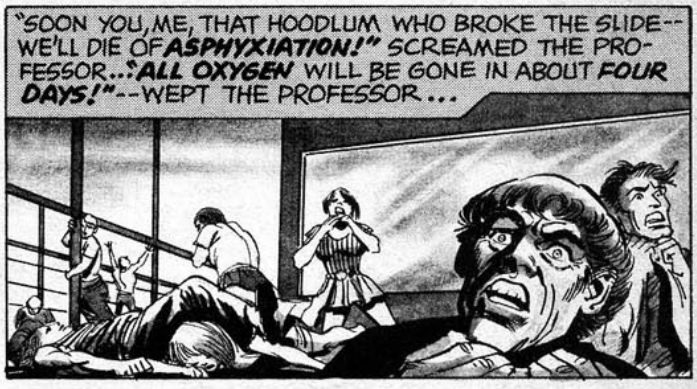
IT GREW TO EVEN MORE FANTASTIC PROPORTIONS, AND ATTACKED CENTRAL LOS ANGELES...AND CONTINUED TO MULTIPLY AND SPREAD ACROSS CALIFORNIA!

WITHIN AN HOUR, MUTATION #320 HAD GROWN SO HUGE THAT IT CROWDED OVER MOST OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA... AND NOT JUST SATIATING ITS APPETITE WITH ANIMAL-LIFE, AS BY THEN MOST SURVIVING PEOPLE WERE SECURED BEHIND LOCKED DOORS, MUTATION #320 ACQUIRED A TASTE FOR PLANTS AND TREES, AS IT GREW--AN IMMENSE, CREEPING CARPET OF DEATH!!
HELLO, PENTAGON? YES--THIS IS SENATOR REEDLY!--
BEFORE THE LINES FAIL, HERE'S THE BEST STRATEGY!
THE SPORES ARE VULNERABLE TO ORDINARY DETERGENT ENZYMES!--
AND PROBABLY PETROLEUM WILL SMOTHER IT, TOO! MY OIL WORKS AND MY ENZYME DETERGENT COMPANIES ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL--SPRAY THE WHOLE STATE WITH OIL AND DETERGENT IMMEDIATELY!--
GENT
OIL
OTHERWISE WE'LL ALL BE LOST!-- GOT ME, PENTAGON?
RIGHT ON, SENA-- (CLICK! BZZZ-)
THE LINE JUST WENT DEAD! WHEW!
THERE!-- IT WAS A GREAT SACRIFICE, BUT THE HUMAN RACE WILL BE SAVED!
PERHAPS THIS IS THE ONE CRISIS THAT WILL UNIFY MANKIND!! FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, TECHNOLOGY WILL BE USED WISELY BY INDUSTRY'S POLITICIANS, AND THE LIVES LOST TODAY WERE NOT LOST IN VAIN!
WELL, ISN'T THAT QUAINT!--
STOW AND SHOVE YOUR INAUGURATION SPEECH, SENATOR!


AS DEADLY CARGOES OF OIL AND DETERGENT WERE DROPPED OVER THE VAST LENGTH OF CALIFORNIA, THE PROFESSOR SPOKE SOLEMNLY..."WE DEVELOPED MUTATION #320 IN HOPES OF REPLACING EARTH'S OXYGEN LOST TO PLANKTON-DESTROYING OIL AND DETERGENT POLLUTION."

"THE VAST DOSAGE OF OIL AND ENZYMES YOU ORDERED WILL DESTROY MUTATION #320, ALL RIGHT--" CONTINUED THE PROFESSOR, AS MILES AND MILES OF OIL-SOAKED MUTATION #320 WERE SET ABLAZE WITH NAPALM...

BY NOW, THE SPORES MUST BE ALL OVER THE GLOBE--NO PLACE WILL BE SPARED THE REMEDIAL CONFLAGRATION!
THEN THE LAND-PLANTS AND THE SEA-PLANKTON WILL ALL GO!--
AND SO WILL ALL THE OXYGEN!


"SOON YOU, ME, THAT HOODLUM WHO BROKE THE SLIDE--WE'LL DIE OF ASPHYXIATION!" SCREAMED THE PROFESSOR..."ALL OXYGEN WILL BE GONE IN ABOUT FOUR DAYS!"--WEPT THE PROFESSOR...

And so ends the saga of Humankind-and its SMALL EVIL, selfish men who for PROFIT, destroyed their work, themselves, and their most precious Natural Resource; SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY channeling to barbaric ends...
IT'S GETTING HARD TO BREATHE, NURSE!
SLASH THE SENATOR'S STOMACH OPEN!
ANY SCIENTIST KNOWS--POLITICIANS ARE FULL OF HOT AIR!
THE END

DR. WROCLAW, IS THE PRISONER, VARGA AWARE OF THE DANGER INVOLVED IN THIS OPERATION?
THE ELEMENT OF RISK HAS BEEN MADE CLEAR TO HIM, MILNER.
PULSE UP SLIGHTLY ON THE GALVINATOR!
YOU MAKE THIS DUMB LOUT OUT TO BE A HERO, MILNER? WHAT OF MEN LIKE OURSELVES? NO, YOU CANNOT COMPARE THE TRUE HEROES OF SCIENCE TO A BRAWLING SAVAGE LIKE VARGA!
HE IS OF NO MORE CONCERN TO ME THAN THE PREVIOUS TEST ANIMALS!
SUCH RISKS MUST BE ASSUMED IF SCIENCE IS TO ADVANCE! AND, AFTER ALL, WHAT CAN IT MATTER TO A CONVICTED MURDERER LIKE VARGA!
BY CONSENTING THE EXPERIMENT HE HAS THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE HIS OTHERWISE STUPID AND USELESS BRITISH LIFE FINALLY MEAN SOMETHING!
VOLTAGE CONSTANT, INCREASE XP RAY!
CAN YOU FEEL NO KINSHIP WITH HIM AS A MAN? NO SYMPATHY?
NONE! BEGIN THE EXPERIMENT!
SWITCH ON TAPED CONTROL!
AND IF WE FAIL?
THEN HE DIES A FEW HOURS EARLIER THAN THE LAW DECREES IT MATTERS LITTLE!
HEART STEADY... BLOOD PRESSURE OKAY...
TAPE ON!
INCREASE XP RAY TO ONE HUNDRED!
ELECTROMICROSCOPE SHOWS DEFINITE MOLECULAR SHIFT! ATOMIC STRUCTURE IS SHRINKING!
IT'S WORKING!
INCREASE RAY TO ONE THOUSAND!
AAAAGGH!
HE MUST BE IN TERRIBLE PAIN!
INCREASE RAY TO MAXIMUM!
I CANNOT HELP BUT THINK THAT WITHOUT MEN LIKE POOR VARGA HERE OUR THEORIES MIGHT REMAIN NOTHING MORE THAN EMPTY WHISPERS IN THE IVORY TOWER OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.
MAIN LINE AMPERAGE CONSTANT...
THE INNER MAN
MY GOD! WROCLAW, IT'S WORKING!
NO! NOT GOD'S DOING BUT MINE!
I MAY HAVE SAVED THIS OVERCROWDED WORLD FROM EXTINCTION!
CAREFUL, DOCTOR. HE'S VERY CONFUSED AND FRIGHTENED!
HE'S FALLING OFF THE TABLE!
CATCH HIM, MILNER! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM BACK UNDER THE XP RAY!
YHAAAAAH
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY TOM SUTTON WITH DAN ADKINS
HE CAN'T GET OUT OF THE ROOM DOCTOR. WE'LL FIND HIM!
YOU FOOL! THE SHRINKING PROCESS IS STILL GOING ON! SOON HE'LL BE TOO SMALL TO SEE WITHOUT THE AID OF A MICROSCOPE!
DAMN HIM! IF HE GETS AWAY I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE MY THEORY!

A HECTIC HOUR LATER:
THE STUPID FOOL! IF HE'D STAYED UNDER THE RAY I COULD HAVE STOPPED THE SHRINKING!
HE'S LOST TO US FOREVER, DOCTOR, I'D BETTER SEE THE WARDEN... THINK UP SOME STORY THE STATE AUTHORITIES WILL BUY!
GO TO IT, MILNER. AND REMEMBER, SHOULD THERE BE AN INVESTIGATION, YOU'RE AS GUILTY AS I!
NERVES SHOT... BETTER TAKE A TRANQUILIZER!
HMM. CAP'S LOOSE.
THERE...
CAN'T LET THIS GET ME DOWN. MUST GO ON TO OTHER EXPERIMENTS!
I'M STUCK TO THIS DAMN CAPSULE! HE'S GONNA SWALLOW ME ALIVE!

...INSIDE WROCLAW'S BODY... GASP! SALIVA'S BURNING! CHOKE!
THERE!
I'M UNSTUCK FROM THE CAPSULE!
CAN'T STOP MYSELF... BEING WASHED DOWN TO THE STOMACH!
BETTER BE ON MY WAY, ELIZABETH CARRYS ON SO WHEN I'M LATE FOR DINNER!
MILNER WILL SMOOTH THINGS OUT WITH THE AUTHORITIES HE ALWAYS DOES!
G'NIGHT, DOC.
GOODNIGHT, FISK...
BURP INDIGESTION ON TOP OF EVERY-THING ELSE!
GASP! GOOD THING I CAUGHT THIS NERVE!
THAT BOILING STOMACH ACID DISSOLVES FLESH ON CONTACT!
GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
UUMPH! OOHH! OH LORD I CERTAINLY DON'T LOOK FORWARD TO DINNER! BURP!

OOOH! BURP! OVERWORK... MY STOMACH...GETTING AN ULCER...
DOC WROCLAW CHECK OUT?
YEAH! SOME DOCTOR! EVER SEEN ANY OF HIS EX-PATIENTS?
STATE PRISON
STOP
WHY, NO.
HAH! NEITHER HAS ANYBODY ELSE! THE BLOODY BUTCHER!
GASP! MUST BE SOME KINDA GERM!
GOTTA GET AROUND HIM!
ANOTHER ONE! CHOKE! THEY DON'T SEEM TO NOTICE ME...
...JUST A LITTLE FURTHER...
...THERE! LET 'EM FIGHT IT OUT!
GOTTA KEEP MOVIN' UP!
I'LL SWING ACROSS ON THIS!
A NERVE OR SUMPTHIN' ...HOOKED TO...
MY EYE!
GASP NEARLY KNOCKED ME OUT!
FALLINGGG!
EIIIAGHHH! BLINDING PAIN!
SCREECH
EEIAAGG
UNGH! THE SOUND VIBRATION... NNGH!

...FALLING ONTO... THE BRAIN!! ;OOFF!< JUST SO MUCH SLIMEY RUBBER!
FIRST MY EYE... NOW THIS WRETCHED HEAD-ACHE!
WROCLAW
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?!

WELL, FINALLY! CAN'T YOU EVER GET HOME ON TIME! DINNER'S RUINED! RUINED, DO YOU HEAR!
PLEASE, ELIZABETH... MY HEAD IS ACHING SO! FEEL SO STRANGE...

DAMN YOU, WROCLAW! THE CHAIR WOULD'VE BEEN BETTER THAN THIS!

YOU MISERABLE EXCUSE FOR A MAN, I...
AWK!
SMAK!

MY ARM! IT MOVED BY ITSELF!
HENRY WROCLAW! YOU... YOU BEAST! HOW DARE YOU STRIKE ME!

THIS OUGHTA GIVE HIM A REAL HEADACHE!
EEEEE!

YOU SNIVELING OLD DEGENERATE! YOU DRIED UP OLD WITCH DOCTOR!

ELIZABETH...I'M SORRY... PLEASE STOP YELLING...
SORRY?! I'LL HAVE MY LAWYERS ON YOU!

I HATE YOU!
I...
...HENRY...
KILL HER WROCLAW! KILL HER!
OOOOOH HENRY...
I'VE DONE IT, DOC...
I CAN CONTROL YOU, DOCTOR WROCLAW! I CAN EVEN MAKE YOU KILL!
WHA...
HA, HA! HAHA!
C'MON, WROCLAW, WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
VARGA!
VARGA! IT CAN'T BE!
GET MOVIN' DOC!
I'M LOSING MY MIND!
LOST IT TO ME, DOC! NOW MOVE!
MOVE!
GASP THE PAIN!

WHY'RE WE STOPPING HERE?
YOU NEED A GUN, DOC, AND SOME CASH FOR A GETAWAY!
LOANS
HEY! GET AWAY FROM THERE! HEY!
WE BUY GOLD
GET THE MONEY, DOC!
THIEF!
UMPH!
STOP IT, VARGA! HE'LL KILL ME!
I CAN'T FEEL A THING, DOC! HA! HA!
THAT'S IT! GET THE GUN!
BAM
NOW GET THE DOUGH AND SCRAM!
I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF! I HAD TO DO IT!
I, HENRY WROCLAW, A COMMON THIEF! MURDERER!
HARDLY COMMON, DOC! HA! HA!
LOANS
FASTER, DOC, FASTER!
I CAN HARDLY CONTROL THE CAR! THOSE PEOPLE AHEAD...NNOO!
VROOM-SCREEEE
DON'T THINK ABOUT THEM, DOC! REMEMBER YOU'RE RUNNING FOR YOUR LIFE!

MEANWHILE AT THE WROCLAW HOME...
WE'VE GOT A KILLER ON THE LOOSE, MILNER! CAN'T YOU THINK OF ANYTHING THAT MIGHT HAVE SET HIM OFF, SOMETHING THAT MIGHT LEAD US TO HIM?
HE WAS OVERWORKED... UH, OBSESSED WITH THIS SHRINKING THEORY, ALL NONSENSE OF COURSE...
...GOTTA PROTECT MYSELF!
WHEN THE EXPERIMENT FAILED IT MUST HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM!
WROCLAW WAS JUST SEEN UPTOWN AT THIRD AND MAIN! HE JUST RAN DOWN FOUR PEOPLE! KILLED THEM ALL!
THAT TIES IT! NOTIFY ALL UNITS GET WROCLAW DEAR OR ALIVE!
YOU'RE CORNERED, DOC! GET OUT AND RUN FOR IT!
I CAN'T! THEY'LL KILL ME!
POLICE
YOU WILL GET OUT, DOC! YOU WILL!
NNNGH! THE PAIN!
SURROUND THE WAREHOUSE! BLOCK ALL THE EXITS! I'M TAKING A SQUAD IN! SHOOT TO KILL!
K-POW! POW! BAM!
B-DAM! K-POW! BAM!
I'M HIT!
ZZZING! POW! BAM! POW!
VARGA! I'M HIT AGAIN! OHHH!
I CAN'T FEEL A THING, DOC! HA-HA!
VARGA, I'M DYING... OHHH...
NOT AS LONG AS I CONTROL YOU, YOU DON'T!
GET ONTO THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR!
WE'VE GOT TO GET ABOVE THEM!
CAN'T GO ON! THE TOTURE IS UNBEARABLE! HE'S DRIVING ME LIKE A MACHINE! GRAP!
CLICK!
GRINGG
GOT TO GET RID OF VARGA!
DON'T DO IT, WROCLAW!
WNGGGRRR
NO!
GOT TO!
GRND GRN

LORD! GASP! I'VE SEEN NEATER DECAPITATIONS!
BUT--WHERE'S -UH...THE HEAD?
COVER HIM UP! CHOKE!
DRIVEN COMPLETELY INSANE IN THE LAST FLEETING MOMENTS OF LIFE, HENRY WROCLAW'S SEETHING BRAIN SUMMONED ITS LAST LINE OF DEFENSE, THE UNSPEAKABLE HORRORS OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND!
I'M ALL RIGHT! THE FALL NEVER HURT ME! I'LL GET OUT OF...
OHH OHMY GOD!
AND WHO KNOWS HOW LONG THAT SUBCONSCIOUS, ONCE AROUSED CAN LIVE. VARGA KNOWS!
THE END

YOU CAN FEEL IT, CAN'T YOU? THERE'S SOMETHING EVIL ABOUT THE MOORS THIS NIGHT--SOMETHING DARK..STRANGE..SINISTER...
CURSE THIS WEATHER--THAT A MAN SHOULD BE ABOUT ON THE MOORS ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!
BUT THE WOMAN NEEDS HER MEDICINE--AND THERE BE NO-ONE ELSE TO FETCH IT FOR HER! I....
WHAT WAS THAT? IS IT MERELY THE SNAPPING OF A TWIG OR...
MERCIFUL SAINTS! IN THE SHADOWS--THOSE EYES...
I-I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!
BRAMBLES AND BRANCHES CLUTCH AT YOU AS YOU RACE BLINDLY ACROSS THE MOOR--TEARING AT YOUR CLOTHES--TRYING DESPERATELY TO HOLD YOU FOR THE NAMELESS TERROR THAT NIPS AT YOUR FEET...
NO..NO!! KEEP BACK--KEEP AWAY!

WRITTEN BY LEN WEIN ILLUSTRATED BY SYD SHORES AND TOM PALMER

RUN--RUN...ACROSS A FOG-DRAPED LANDSCAPE ALIVE WITH EVERY DARK FEAR YOU'VE EVER KNOWN--ALL THE TERRORS THAT CAME TO YOU IN YOUR DREAMS LIVE THIS NIGHT...
RUN ON--EVER ONWARD--UNTIL THERE IS NOWHERE LEFT TO RUN...
I-I CAN'T RUN ANYMORE! BUT IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE OUT-DISTANCED WHATEVER IT WAS ...I'M SAFE!

THE SIGH OF RELIEF FREEZES IN YOUR THROAT AS THE SILENCE OF THE MOOR IS SHATTERED BY THE SAVAGE CRY OF A GREAT, INHUMAN BEAST THAT HURLS ACROSS THE DARKNESS AT YOU, BAYING TRIUMPHANTLY AT THE MELANCHOLY MOON... AND YOU SCREAM... ONE SHORT HOPELESS SCREAM...
THE DEADLY MARK OF THE BEAST!
AAARROOWRRR
EEEYAAAH!

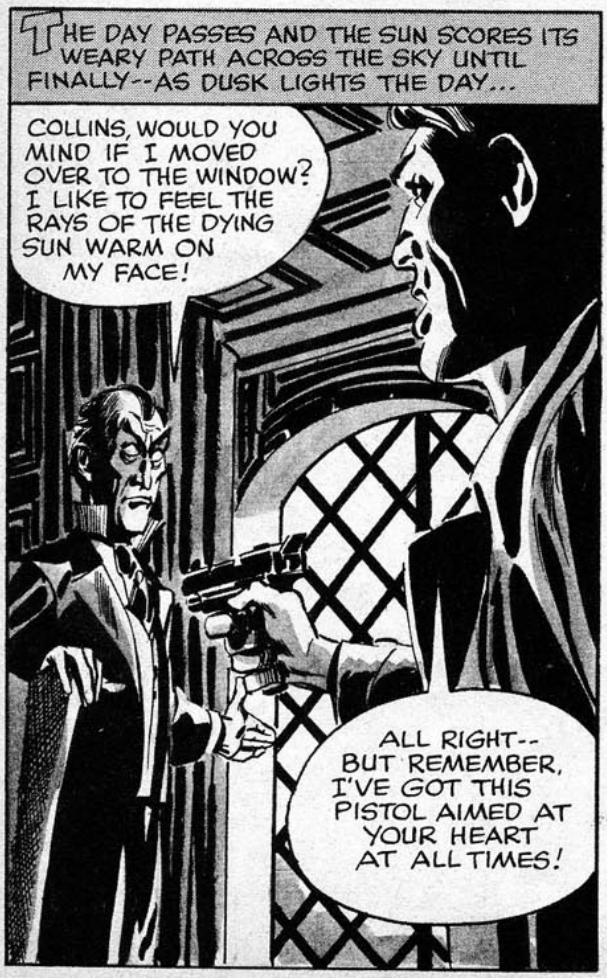
THEY FOUND THE BODY IN THE MORNING, LYING TORN AND BLEEDING IN THE TALL MARSH GRASS...
DEAD!! JUST LIKE THE OTHERS...
RIPPED TO SHREDS ...AS THOUGH BY THE CLAWS OF SOME GREAT BEAST!
NOT SOME GREAT BEAST, MARK--ONE BEAST IN PARTICULAR...A WEREWOLF!
WEREWOLF?? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
IS IT? THINK ABOUT IT--WHY DO THE KILLINGS ONLY OCCUR UNDER A FULL MOON?--WHAT OTHER BEAST MAKES SUCH A HIDEOUS SOUND?--WHAT ABOUT THE INHUMAN TRACKS WE FIND NEAR THE BODIES, LEADING OFF INTO THE MOORS?
ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST
IT'S A WEREWOLF, I TELL YOU... BELIEVE ME--I KNOW!
BUT IF IT IS A WEREWOLF--WHO IS IT? NONE OF THE TOWNS-PEOPLE--SAVE THOSE WHO DIED--WALK THESE MOORS ON THE NIGHTS OF THE FULL MOON! NOBODY IS MAD ENOUGH!
"BLAKE'S A STRANGE ONE, I TELL YOU! MANY'S THE NIGHT I'VE SEEN HIM--WALKING HIS DEMON HOUND THROUGH THE MOOR--CASUAL AS YOU PLEASE! NOTHING BOTHERS HIM--AND WHY SHOULD IT? ...SINCE HE'S THE WEREWOLF!"
CONSIDER FOR A SECOND--JUST WHEN DID THE WEREWOLF KILLINGS BEGIN?
I'LL TELL YOU WHEN--RIGHT AFTER THAT STRANGE SQUIRE BLAKE MOVED INTO THAT OLD CASTLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MOOR!
NOW WHAT NORMAL MAN WOULD CHOOSE TO LIVE IN THAT DARK PLACE?
NOBODY--THAT'S WHO!!

ELIOT'S RIGHT! SOME OF US SHOULD GO OUT TO BLAKE'S CASTLE AND HAVE IT OUT WITH HIM!
THUNDER ECHOES THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF THE OLD CASTLE AS ELIOT COLLINS AND THE OTHERS HAMMER AT THE BIG BRASS KNOCKER THAT HANGS FROM THE DOOR--UNTIL FINALLY...
YES, WHO IS IT? MAY I HELP YOU?
SQUIRE BLAKE? MY NAME IS COLLINS! SEVERAL OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE AND MYSELF WOULD LIKE A FEW WORDS WITH YOU!
WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
IT'S VERY SIMPLE, SQUIRE--I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD OF THE BRUTAL MURDERS THAT HAVE BEEN PLAGUING THE COUNTRYSIDE OF LATE!
YES, OF COURSE, BUT WHY...
WE THINK YOU'RE THE MURDERER, SQUIRE--WE THINK YOU'RE A WEREWOLF!!
ME--A MURDERER? HA-HA! Y-YOU MUST BE JOKING!
WE'RE QUITE SERIOUS, SQUIRE! THERE ARE TOO MANY THINGS ABOUT YOU THAT MAKE NO SENSE! WHY FOR EXAMPLE DO YOU WALK THE MOORS AT NIGHT WHEN SANE MEN STAY IN THEIR HOMES? WHY...
YOU INCREDIBLE FOOLS--WHAT DIFFERENCE IS IT TO ME WHEN I WALK THE MOORS? THROUGH MY EYES, IT'S ALWAYS NIGHT!
I'M BLIND, GENTLEMEN--STONE BLIND!
WE-WE DIDN'T KNOW! WE'RE SORRY--SO SORRY!
WE-WE WON'T BOTHER YOU ANYMORE!
WELL, SEE THAT YOU DON'T! NOW GET OUT OF HERE AND LEAVE ME ALONE!

MINUTES LATER...
WELL, ELIOT--WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I DON'T BELIEVE HIM ANYMORE THAN YOU DO! HE'S OUR WEREWOLF ALL RIGHT--AND NEXT TIME THE FULL MOON RISES...I'M GOING TO PROVE IT!
THE FULL MOON CASTS ITS PETRIFIED GAZE DOWN ON THE FOG-SWEPT COUNTRYSIDE--AND IN MANY HOMES, BRAVE MEN PREPARE TO FACE THEIR FATE...
ELIOT? ELIOT WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
PREPARING TO DEFEND OUR HOME AND OUR LIVES, CLAIRE! ALL THE TOWNSMEN ARE MEETING IN THE SQUARE IN A FEW MINUTES--I HAVE TO BE THERE, TOO!
IT'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO DO, SWEETHEART--FOR OUR HOME--FOR OUR FUTURE! AS LONG AS THAT DARK-SPAWNED MONSTROSITY PROWLS THE MOORS AT NIGHT--NONE OF US ARE SAFE! NONE OF US CAN DRAW A PEACEFUL BREATH!
BUT I...
NO BUTS! YOU JUST STAY IN THE HOUSE--AND KEEP THE DOORS AND WINDOWS SHUT! I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN!
GOOD LUCK, LOVE--AND GOD-SPEED!
AND A SHORT WHILE LATER, A DARK-EYED DEMON PROWLS THE MOORS ONCE MORE...

AS THE BEAST-MAN SPRINGS FROM THE SHADOWS, A GREAT ROPE-NET DROPS FROM ABOVE AND...
IT WORKED! WE DID IT!
THE WEREWOLF-- "THE SQUIRE"-- IS OURS!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT...
ELIOT? ELIOT--YOU FORGOT YOUR...
CLAIRE... CLAIRE, GO BACK! KEEP AWAY FROM HERE!
FOR ONE FATEFUL SECOND, MRS. COLLINS STANDS UNCERTAIN OF WHAT TO DO NEXT-- AND THAT SECOND PROVES TO BE HER LAST...
RRRRAAAAGGHHH!
SSSSWWIIAACCK!
AAAIIIEEEE!
CLAIRE!! OH, MY GOD-- NOOO!
INSTANTS LATER, THE NET IS IN RIBBONS AND THE NIGHT-WALKING BEAST IS GONE-- LEAVING DEATH AND DESPAIR IN ITS WAKE...
CLAIRE! OH, MY POOR, DEAR CLAIRE-- WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOU? WHAT HAVE I DONE?
BLAM! BLAM!
DEMON! HELLSPAWN! YOU'RE THROUGH! DO YOU HEAR ME? --THROUGH! YOU WON'T LIVE TO WALK THE NIGHT AGAIN! I SWEAR IT! YOU BLOODY BEAST-- I SWEAR IT!

IT DIDN'T TAKE THE SQUIRE LONG TO ANSWER THE FURIOUS KNOCKING...
SQUIRE, IT'S ME AGAIN-- COLLINS! I'VE COME FOR A RECKONING!
A RECKONING? REALLY, COLLINS-- SUCH HARSH WORDS! STILL-- YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME IN!
BUT ONCE INSIDE THE MUSTY OLD HOUSE...
ALL RIGHT, SQUIRE-- JUST MOVE SLOWLY AND SIT DOWN! YOU MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SEE IT-- BUT I'VE GOT A GUN POINTED AT YOUR HEART-- A GUN WITH A SILVER BULLET!
BUT WHY? WHAT WILL SHOOTING ME AVAIL YOU?
IT'S SIMPLE, OLD MAN! YOU AND I ARE GOING TO SIT HERE QUIETLY UNTIL THE FULL MOON RISES TONIGHT! IF I'M RIGHT AND YOU ARE THE WEREWOLF, I'LL PUT THIS SILVER BULLET THROUGH YOUR HEART BEFORE YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO TAKE ANY MORE LIVES!

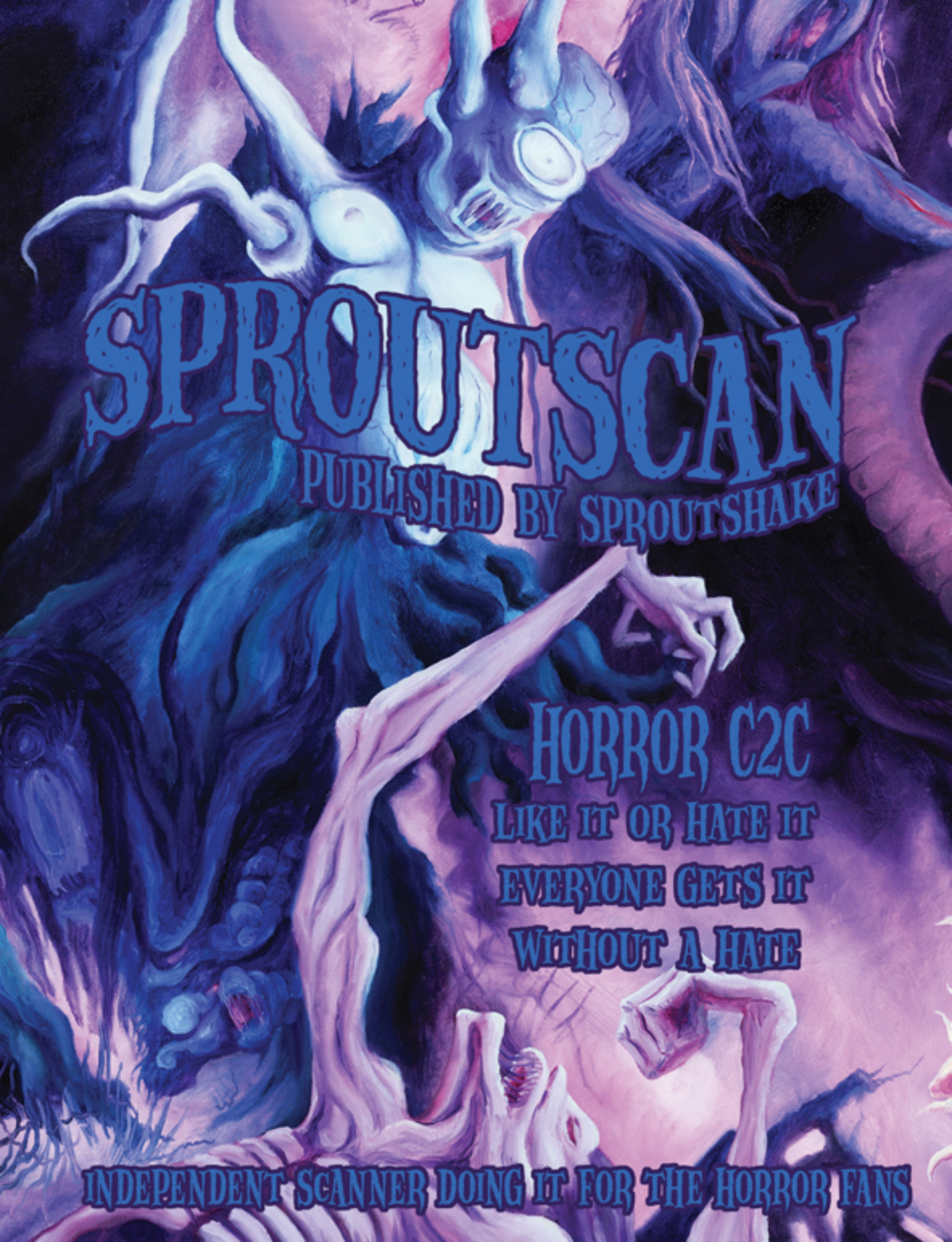

THE DAY PASSES AND THE SUN SCORES ITS WEARY PATH ACROSS THE SKY UNTIL FINALLY-- AS DUSK LIGHTS THE DAY...
COLLINS, WOULD YOU MIND IF I MOVED OVER TO THE WINDOW? I LIKE TO FEEL THE RAYS OF THE DYING SUN WARM ON MY FACE!
ALL RIGHT-- BUT REMEMBER, I'VE GOT THIS PISTOL AIMED AT YOUR HEART AT ALL TIMES!

THE SUN DIPS BEHIND THE HORIZON AND FINALLY, AS THE PALE MOON TAKES ITS PLACE...
COLLINS-- I HAVE TO...
OH NO YOU DON'T! I'VE GOT YOU NOW, WEREWOLF!!

BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM
THIS IS FOR ALL THE LIVES YOU CUT SHORT! THIS IS FOR MY WIFE--AND MY FRIENDS! DIE, YOU DAMNED DEMON--DIE!!
I DID IT! SQUIRE BLAKE IS DEAD! I WAS RIGHT-- I WAS RIGHT!!
NO--YOU WERE WRONG!
YOU FOOL--YOU SPENT ALL YOUR TIME HUNTING DOWN A WEREWOLF..
CLICK! CLICK!
OH, NO --NO-- NO!
CLICK! CLICK!
YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR A WEREMAN!
NOOOOOOOOO
AND SO... THE END

2 MEN - 2 MONSTERS

FRANKENSTEIN — the classic creation of Mary Shelley, and COUNT BERLIFITZING — the mad creation of Edgar Allan Poe in his tale METZENGER-STEIN, are 2 half-human MONSTERS who will etch into your brain like burning ACID — miss 'em not — in scream #9, on sale June 25!


SPROUTSCAN
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HORROR C2C
LIKE IT OR HATE IT
EVERYONE GETS IT
WITHOUT A HATE
INDEPENDENT SCANNER DOING IT FOR THE HORROR FANS